



No. 454.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS JULIET.

THIS CLEVER AND BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS IS NOW REPEATING HER GREAT SUCCESS AS VIOLA IN THE REVIVAL OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"
AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The "America" Cup Races—Newmarket—Colonel Kekewich—The "Cobra" Disaster.

THURSDAY'S race for the "America" Cup was watched with the keenest interest as the accounts of the positions of the yachts were posted on the telegraph-boards at the Clubs. We all thought that if *Shamrock II.* was to beat *Columbia* decisively, it would be over the triangular course and with a fresh breeze. When we read that the wind was blowing nine knots and gave every indication of freshening, every man said to his neighbour, "To-day is *Shamrock's* day," and, when Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht was reported to have jockeyed her opponent at the start, and to have rounded the first mark ahead, with a breeze rising to twelve knots, all Clubland's hopes ran high. When, however, the news ticked out on to the tape that a white-crested, choppy sea had got up, that the wind had died down to seven knots, that *Shamrock* was making bad weather of it, and that *Columbia*, coming up to her adversary on the second side of the triangle, was leading on the third, the little crowds around the boards dispersed silently.

On Friday, the race was looked upon as lost to the British boat before it was sailed, but all Clubland was startled back into joyful interest when the news came over the telegraph-wires that *Shamrock II.* had not only made up the distance she lost in crossing the line, but was steadily increasing her lead. Little by little, however, as the race progressed, we were told by the ticking machine that *Columbia* was lessening the distance, and, when *Shamrock II.* crossed the winning-line a few seconds ahead of her rival, we knew that the time-allowance made the second boat the winner. However, no one is discouraged. It is only another attempt that has failed. Sir Thomas is not a man to be disheartened, and he or some equally plucky sportsman will, we may be sure, some day bring the coveted trophy back to England.

Newmarket seemed to me last week not to have brought together the number of well-known people who usually attend the first October meeting. No doubt, the fact that the King was in Scotland, and will not, in any case, be seen on a racecourse this year, had something to do with the dulness of the meeting, and men who go racing are looking forward eagerly to the time when the Royal Family will be out of mourning and the King will be seen once again at Ascot and Goodwood and Newmarket. At Ascot, the Enclosure is now a wilderness of bricks and mortar, for, in obedience to the King's commands, an entire reconstruction of the Royal Stand is being made. At Newmarket, certain alterations have also been made, to secure privacy for His Majesty when he next visits the headquarters of the Turf. A new road has been made from the station to the back of the Jockey Club rooms, and the King will thus avoid the crush of the steep and narrow High Street. Certain alterations have also been made for the convenience of the King in the rooms themselves. Some enthusiasts hope that these arrangements may tempt His Majesty to Newmarket for the Cambridgeshire, in the last week of this month, but I think that they will be disappointed.

Colonel Kekewich, who has beaten off Delarey's attack, was, at the commencement of the War, very much before the eyes of the public as the Military Commandant of Kimberley during the siege. Since that time, he has commanded a column which has moved about near the Capital of the Transvaal, and it was upon him that Delarey, as soon as the veldt was green enough to give the Boers food for their horses wherever they chose to move, concentrated the combined commandoes under the orders of himself and Kemp. Delarey was playing an old trick, which once brought him success. He retired before two British columns until they abandoned the pursuit and separated. Then he turned and made an attack at dawn on the weakest, rushing a picket in the darkness. It was said in old days of Colonel Kekewich that he was the best Staff officer that ever went to Egypt, and during the siege of Kimberley no one ever saw him either tired or cross or asleep. He evidently was not asleep when Delarey tried to storm his camp. The Scottish Horse, who lost so severely both in officers and men, were raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine, of the "Blues." It is a *corps d'élite* amongst the Yeomanry, and has many men of position and wealth in its ranks.

The young Commander of the *Cobra* who went down with his ship, and who has been proved by the verdict of the Coroner's Jury, based on the discoveries made by the divers, to have been in no way responsible for the loss of the ill-fated vessel, was the son of Mr. Bosworth-Smith, the well-known Harrow Master, who, in the days when I was at the School on the Hill, was looked on as being somewhat of a fire-brand in the world of politics, and was supposed by the boys, probably without the slightest foundation, to have assisted on a celebrated occasion in pulling down the railings of Hyde Park. Since those days, Mr. Bosworth-Smith has become a power in the sphere of literature, and has given to the world sons who have all earned distinction, the gallant young sailor who, with folded arms, stood on the bridge of his ship as she went down being not the least distinguished, for his previous career in the Navy had marked him out as a Commander to whom the newest and swiftest of our ships-of-war should be entrusted. The wreck of the *Cobra* throws a side-light on the perils that our sailors face daily cheerfully and willingly. Every sailor knows the danger of going to sea in a vessel the hull of which is composed of plates not a quarter of an inch in thickness; but lightness means speed, and, to be quicker than our rivals, Jack and his officers gladly accept all risks.

THE MAN ON THE EMBANKMENT.

The Last Round—"The Sad Case of Tommy Lipton"—The Whisky Tower—Better Luck Next Time!—Mind the Roots, Gentlemen!—The Small-pox Scare—The Corinthians at Queen's Club—"Buck Up, Villa!"

CHUCK up the sponge! Third and last round on Friday last, and *Shamrock* knocked out on time-allowance by *Columbia*. The last two races have been bitter disappointments, for in each *Shamrock* was reported to be leading, and it was only at the last moment that *Columbia* won. The last race of all was the most crushing, for *Shamrock* actually crossed the line first, and lost on that wretched time-allowance, only after one of the closest races ever sailed. But, at any rate, *Shamrock* was not disgraced, and the difference between her and *Columbia* is to be reckoned only by seconds over a long course.

"The sad case of Tommy Lipton," said a sailor-boy epigrammatically on the Embankment on Friday night. It was the solitary attempt at humour, for it was a damp, raw evening, and there were very few of us down by the river. It was a great contrast to the opening night of the contest, when the Embankment was so packed that you could hardly get along. To tell the truth, "The Man in the Street" was beginning to get a little tired of the yachts, and looked on the match as good as done for after the close fight on Thursday, in which *Shamrock* was slightly beaten at all points.

The chance of a win seemed hardly worth the trouble of going down to the Embankment to watch the lights, and the launches evidently thought that no one would be about, for they did not appear. And they were quite right. It was too thick and foggy for us to see the bombs from the Crystal Palace, and only the Whisky Tower was faithful to us. Good old whisky! It's always there or thereabouts.

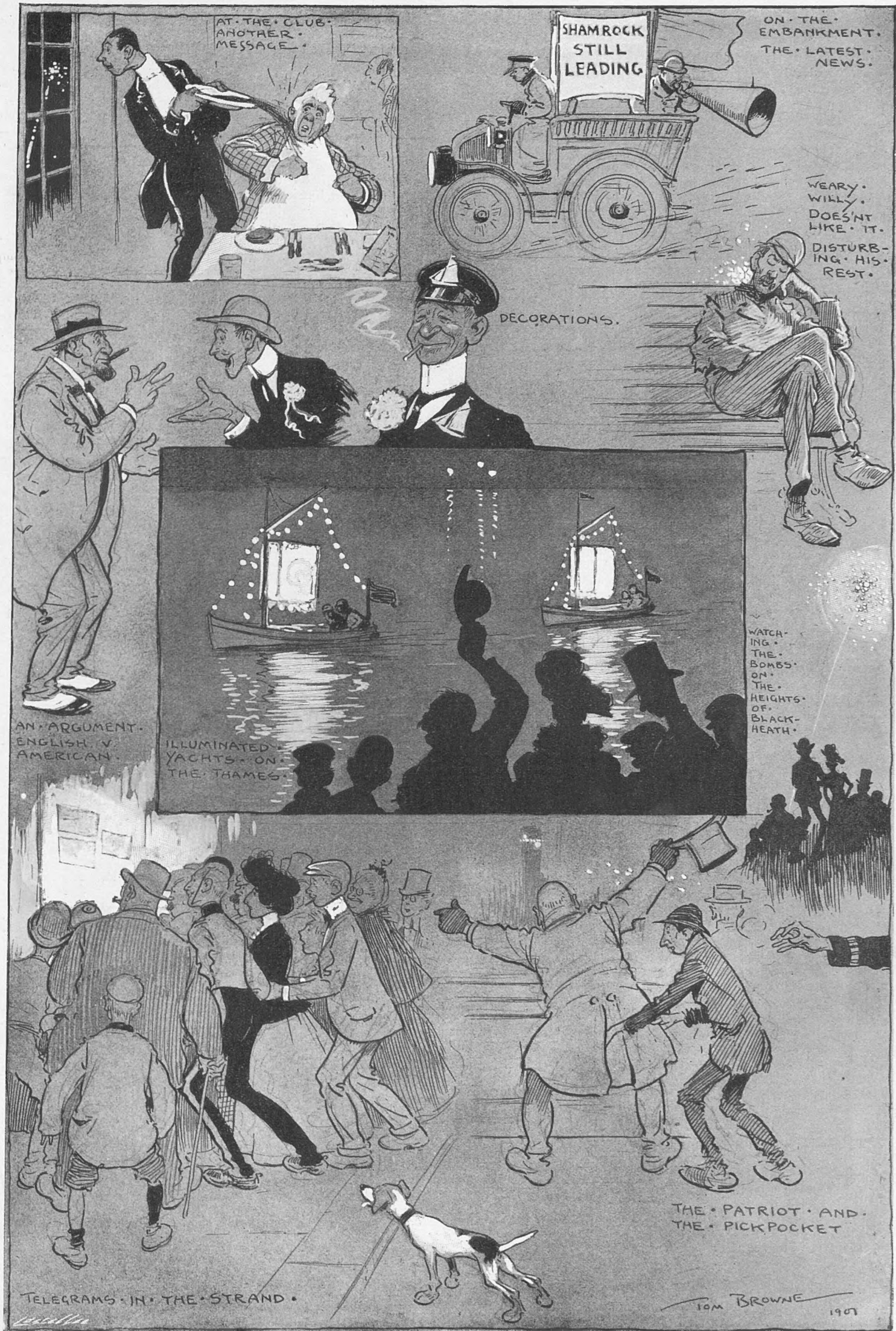
The fact that he has lost the three races, and by such a narrow margin, does not detract from the pluck and sportsmanlike spirit of Sir Thomas Lipton, who has shown himself a regular Briton all through. I see that there is some talk at the New York Yacht Club of presenting him with a magnificent service of gold plate in recognition of his splendid attempts to "lift" the Cup. The service will be worth about twenty times the value of the old silver cup; but, unfortunately, it will not be the Cup. Still, it will be some consolation to so fine a sportsman, and "The Man in the Street," while saluting Sir Thomas, can only say, "Better luck next time!"

Talking about the Embankment reminds me that the people who are digging a trench along there are going very near the kerb, and consequently must be getting unpleasantly close to the roots of the trees. The L.C.C. have always taken such care of those plane-trees which line the pavement that I hope they will see to it that no trench-excavators will be allowed to injure their roots and so kill the trees on London's only boulevard. There are few pleasanter places on a summer's afternoon than the Embankment, but that is largely owing to the shade given by the trees, and this we cannot afford to lose.

The small-pox is really getting serious, for last week it spread almost all over London, though luckily the cases have been but few. The worst of London is that, owing to its huge size, it is extremely difficult to stamp out any disease which once gets even a slight hold on the people. The great question now is, how long does vaccination last, and is it sufficient to have been done ten or fifteen years ago? But the fact that, after the operation, one often has to wear one's arm in a sling does not justify a man who has never been farther abroad than Paris in trying to look as if he were a South African hero just home from the War.

The weather has now completely changed from a cricket to a football climate, and on Saturday the Corinthians opened their season with a match against Southampton at Queen's Club. A splendid lot of men, including such favourites as G. O. Smith, R. E. Foster, G. F. Ryder, and the great C. B. Fry, played for the Corinthians, but I suppose they are not yet in football form, for in the second half the Corinthians fell off a good deal, and Southampton won by one goal to nothing. The Corinthians were bothered by the wind and rain after half-time, but they seemed pumped-out, though they made a splendid and plucky spurt towards the close.

Everton and Sunderland both won their matches on Saturday, and head the list of the League with nine points apiece. The Wolverhampton Wanderers come next with eight points, though on Saturday they could only draw with Sheffield Wednesday. Aston Villa are low down, with only five points to their credit out of seven matches played, but they have had very bad luck in losing some of their best men, and have had to begin the season with only three of last year's players. They have been such a splendid team of late years, having won the Association Cup twice and the League Championship five times since 1893, that "The Man in the Street" follows their doings with interest and regret. I am afraid that they do not look like doing great things this season, but, all the same, "Buck up, Villa!"



LONDONERS AND THE YACHT RACES: OUR SPECIAL EXPERT STROLLS ROUND THE TOWN.

"THE SKETCH" CHAPERON.

An Untrue Rumour: Not an Engagement—Something About Lady Sybil Primrose—Personality of Lord Beauchamp: As an Undergraduate and as a Colonial Governor—Royal Rheumatism.

WHAT astonishing things get into the papers nowadays! It is not too much to say that the supposed engagement of Lady Sybil Primrose and Lord Beauchamp was for two or three days the subject of universal interest in Society, and, indeed, during the last fortnight the alliance between the daughter of the ex-Premier and the brilliant young bachelor Peer, who may be said to have already risen, was discussed and foretold confidently both in and out of Society. Lord Rosebery, who, notwithstanding his Radical views about other matters, is very strict concerning the education and upbringing of young girls, has never allowed his daughters to come very much to the front, and they are far less written about than is the case with most modern girls destined to play a great part on this world's stage. Lady Sybil is by no means the ordinary pretty heiress. She has inherited a good deal of the acute intelligence which is the birthright of the women of the Rothschild family, and, though brought up in a quiet and old-fashioned way, she has already seen much of the world, and has often acted as hostess at Dalmeny both to Royal house-parties and to the most notable men and women of the day.

Most chaperons can remember the excitement which was caused in Society by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Hannah de Rothschild to the youthful Earl of Rosebery; that wedding, by the way, brought together a record of famous people, headed by the present Sovereign. The bride, who, though not pretty, had a perfectly charming expression and manner, was given away by Lord Beaconsfield. Lady Sybil Primrose has a fine, thoughtful face, while her expression curiously recalls that of both her parents. She is, in a true sense, very highly educated, speaking French, German, and Italian perfectly, and having taken from early girlhood the keenest and most intelligent interest in all her father's hobbies. In one sense, Lady Sybil has been a great deal before the public. When she was only two months old, Sir Edgar Boehm, the famous sculptor, drew a quaint sketch of her, and inscribed it "The Suffrage Babe"; and in a published letter of Professor Blackie, the famous old Scotch dominie wrote, "I was left alone with the baby Sybil, a wonderful production with large blue eyes and serene temper." The death of Lady Rosebery cast a shadow over the childhood and youth of her young daughters, and, till the marriage of the younger of the two, Lady Sybil was the kindest and sweetest of elder sisters, and even now she spends a good deal of her time with Lord and Lady Crewe. An interesting episode in her young life was her private presentation to the late Sovereign. The little function took place at Windsor Castle, in the Long Corridor, and the Dowager Lady Erroll acted as her godmother on the occasion.

Lord Beauchamp first came to the front, in a public sense, while an undergraduate at Oxford, for, apropos of a College "row," he threw himself into the breach and wrote letters to the *Times* in which he defended the action of some of his comrades. He was President of the Union some years ago, and worthily upheld the traditions of that ancient Debating Society. After leaving Christ Church, he settled down at Madresfield Court as a country squire, and as Mayor of Worcester won golden opinions from his neighbours, notwithstanding the fact that most of them are Conservative, and he soon declared himself that curious anomaly, a Radical Progressive Peer. Those in authority seem to have early made up their minds that Lord Beauchamp would "do," for, though in no way seeking, he was offered the Governorship of New South Wales. At the time the appointment was a good deal canvassed, owing to the youth of the new Governor, and it was actually considered that the position was meant to be a stepping-stone to a Royal bride.

Few Colonial Governors were more gossiped about and discussed than was Lord Beauchamp during his stay in New South Wales, and some very absurd stories went the round. One in particular which much delighted the young Peer's intimate friends was to the effect that, on his taking down to dinner a very important Colonial dame, she opened the conversation by earnestly assuring him that for many a long year she had nightly blessed the name of his father. The young Governor, naturally gratified by this confidence, begged to be informed when and how she had met the late Lord Beauchamp, on which she replied with some astonishment, "Oh, I never had the pleasure of meeting him, but I have taken his famous pills for years!" On Lord Beauchamp's return to Madresfield, he received a regular Old English welcome, his escort from the station consisting of a hundred mounted tenants. Madresfield Court is one of the most delightful country residences, and contains a valuable library, while the collection of manuscripts is priceless.

The departure of Sir Francis Laking for Deeside caused many people to fear that the King was not as well as he appeared to be when passing through town. I hear that His Majesty is simply suffering from that most common of ailments, rheumatism—which was, it will be remembered, the only ill of the flesh which ever attacked his revered mother. Those interested in "cures"—and who is not nowadays?—are much astonished that the illustrious Homburg patient should already be feeling the very thing that Homburg is supposed to remove. Deeside is not just now enjoying good weather; it has been bitterly cold, and on several days there has been falling rain. All over Scotland great interest has been taken in the Balmoral Memorial, for which the King is to choose a site, and which is an offering from Her late Majesty's own servants and tenants.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

OF course, the title conveys a quite inaccurate idea of the career of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's delightful production of "What You Will," originally presented last February and to be withdrawn a few days after its revival to make room for "The Last of the Dandies." It is hardly in nature that the original cast should remain uninterrupted so long, and yet, setting aside the loss of Mr. Robert Taber, there is little change in the Company and some improvement in its work, which seems rather surprising when one remembers how good it was on the first-night. Of course, Mr. Tree's Malvolio is still the most important element, and one cannot imagine a cleverer and more interesting presentation of the vain Steward nor one richer in suggestion of character and fuller in strokes of clever business. The Countess Olivia of Miss Maud Jeffries has gained greatly in ease since the first-night. Indeed, and not unnaturally, the Company in general shows an agreeable advance since the really admirable first-night performance. Miss Lily Brayton, who is pictured on the front page of this issue of *The Sketch*, is still quite fascinating in the beautiful part of Viola. One cannot help regretting that such a superb revival should be cut short ere its popularity is exhausted; but the policy of not riding the horse to death seems sound if a little perilous in matters theatrical, and, of course, we are all anxious to see Mr. Beerbohm Tree in Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Last of the Dandies," due on the 24th at the handsome theatre in the Haymarket, where it is to be mounted superbly.

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND.

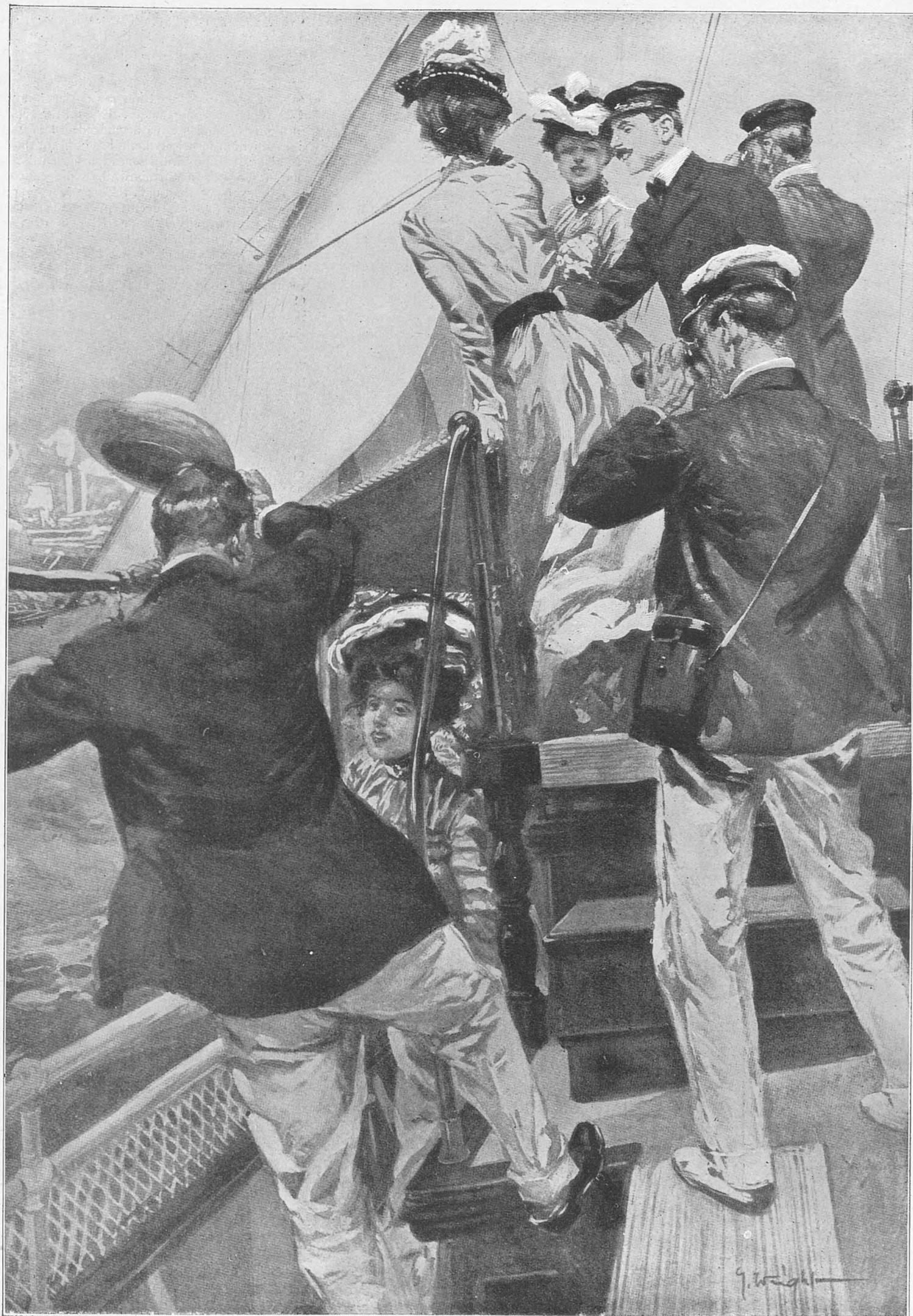
THE new musical piece at the Strand has travelled a long time in the provinces ere coming to town, so the country cousin will have a double chance of seeing it, and probably he will visit "A Chinese Honeymoon" twice, since, if hardly a work of genius, at least it is a very fair specimen of its class, and deserves success if only because of its honest endeavour to present a real plot. The learned may suggest that Mr. George Dance displays a violent disregard of Chinese manners, customs, and habits, but nobody cares about this, seeing that some whimsical situations are the outcome of the staggering law that a member of the Royal Family must marry anyone who kisses or is kissed by him or her, even the Emperor being subject to this law. The chief figure in the affair, no doubt, is Miss Louie Freear, who once more presented a Cockney "general" with a tender heart and large feet—or possibly large heart and tender feet—and she works with immense vigour and proportionate success in her well-known manner. Miss Beatrice Edwards, as the sentimental heroine, has a powerful voice, very agreeable in the middle register, and charmed the house by her singing. Mr. Lionel Rignold, indefatigable as low-comedian, was comic as husband of the jealous young wife, brightly presented by Miss Ellas Dee. The Emperor's part was taken by Mr. Roxborough, a player of great stature, with an easy style and very pleasant manner. The music by Mr. Howard Talbot, with additional numbers by other hands not named on the programme, perhaps has rather too much of the music-hall aroma, particularly in Miss Freear's songs, which, however, were very well received; but there are plenty of lively, catching tunes, and several ingenious concerted pieces. Miss M. A. Victor, as an official mother-in-law, contributed no little to the fun of the evening by a vigorous piece of acting. "A Chinese Honeymoon" is handsomely mounted and several scenic effects are very pretty.

DEPARTURE OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

GR EAT interest has always been associated with Sir Henry Irving's embarkations for America, not only because his leaving England leaves that nation without its leading actor-manager, but also because he is regarded by many others besides his personal friends with an esteem and affection seldom accorded even to the British Public's most popular histrionic "stars." It was therefore not surprising to find that the good Knight's seventh departure for America last Saturday aroused even a more extensive interest than hitherto.

Before the train left St. Pancras to convey Sir Henry, Miss Ellen Terry, and some score or so of other popular members of this splendid Company to the Atlantic Transport's steamship *Minnehaha*, lying in Tilbury Dock, many friends and well-wishers, both professional and private, assembled on the platform to wish them good voyage and God-speed. On board the train also the greatest cordiality prevailed between the departing players and the many friends, journalistic and otherwise, who had arranged to accompany them as far as Tilbury, whereof poor Tilburina's proud papa was at one time the adamantine Governor.

Sir Henry—who at the last moment, as it were, decided not to add his huge "Coriolanus" *mise-en-scène* to his already large cargo of productions—will open at the Lyceum next April with a revival of "Faust." As long ago stated in *The Sketch*, Miss Terry will not play Margaret in this. If Miss Fay Davis should be able to be set free in time from Mr. Pinero's new great success, "Iris," at the Garrick, she will play the character of Faust's virtuous victim.



THE INTERNATIONAL YACHTING CONTESTS.

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MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA IN LONDON.

THE appearance in London of Mr. John Philip Sousa and his
 famous orchestra proved sufficiently attractive to fill the Albert
 Hall to the very roof last Friday. The success of the popular
 conductor and composer was complete, and on the following day an
 enormous audience attended the Albert Hall. Mr. Sousa can always
 command the popular taste, owing to his unquestionable gift of melody.
 He has been called "The March King," because of his immense success
 in that form of music. I need only mention his "Washington Post"
 march as a proof of his remarkable popularity. He sold the copyright for
 seven pounds, and millions of copies have been sold. His "Stars and
 Stripes," the copyright of which he wisely kept, has brought the composer
 over ten thousand pounds. Mr. John Philip Sousa was born at Washington,
 Nov. 6, 1856. His father was a Spaniard, but descended from a
 Portuguese family. At eleven years of age, the future composer made
 his début as a solo violinist, and at seventeen he was conducting a
 theatrical orchestra. He eventually became Director of the United
 States Marine Band, a body attached to the President's household.
 This post he resigned in 1892, and organised his present band, with
 which he has given five thousand concerts during the past nine years in
 the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium.
 His music to "El Capitan," originally produced at the Tremont Theatre,
 Boston, was very popular at the Lyric Theatre in the summer of 1899.
 The band played for eleven days at the recent Paris Exhibition, and
 was heard with great satisfaction by thousands of visitors. That it will
 prove extremely attractive in this country is certain, for some of the
 performers are brilliant soloists; for example, Mr. Pryor's trombone
 solos have never been surpassed. As a variety to the orchestral playing,
 Miss Minnie Tracey, a brilliant soprano, who is engaged for the next
 Bayreuth Festival, appears; also Miss Dorothy Hoyle, a pupil of
 M. Sauret, of the Royal Academy, a charming violinist. The great
 feature of Mr. Sousa's performance is the admirable *ensemble*. It is
 not merely the excellence of individual artists, but the complete
 unity and fulness of tone that causes so much pleasure to the
 hearers. This is, of course, the result of performing together under
 the same conductor. The performers understand him perfectly, and
 follow his beat with absolute confidence, knowing, as they do, Mr. Sousa's
 feeling and method of expression and his admirable manner of conveying
 his ideas to the band. In fact, the conductor and the orchestra are in
 most perfect accord. This enhances the effect of the music to such an
 extent that what might appear a simple and ordinary phrase if less
 carefully interpreted becomes idealised and compels the most exacting
 lover of classic strains to admire and appreciate. To miss this interesting
 performance would be a great pity, for Mr. Sousa and his band will certainly
 be the sensation of the season. Among the new compositions may be
 named "The Stars and Stripes for Ever," "Hands Across the Sea,"
 "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," &c. Many of these will tend to increase
 the popular feeling towards America.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOCTOR."
THE BOURGEOIS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Unwin's Green
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 Author of "The Treasure-Seekers." Pictured by H. R. Millar.

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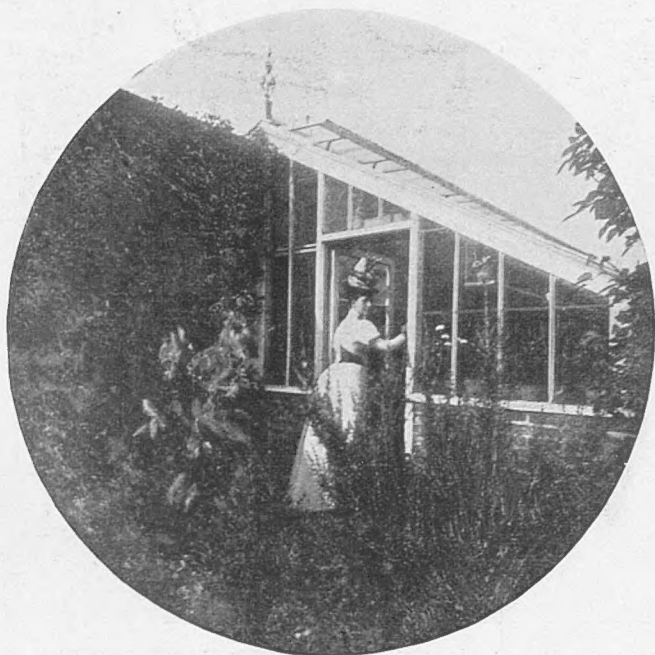
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London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court on Deeside.

The loyal Highlanders outdid themselves in their welcome to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and their Majesties appear to have been profoundly touched at the extraordinary enthusiasm displayed at Ballater and at every step of the way which leads from that picturesque Scottish town to Balmoral itself. The scene near the Castle was most impressive, for the Royal Highlanders and the Duff Highlanders—the latter from Mar Lodge—lined the road from Balmoral Bridge to the actual gateway



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT SANDRINGHAM: A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

of the Castle, and their Majesties must have felt themselves in a truly mediæval atmosphere of loyalty and barbaric grandeur.

The King's Highland Home.

In King Edward's reply to the Address presented by the tenantry and others on the Balmoral estate, His Majesty spoke with warm affection of "the Highland home we have always loved." Their Majesties, on the same occasion, shook hands warmly with the head deer-forester, who has now been in the Royal service for close on fifty years. James Campbell, the Royal Piper, marched in front of the Royal carriage, piping those popular and familiar airs, "The White Cockade," "The Lads with the Kilts," and "Highland Laddies."

A Royal Photographer.

Princess Charles of Denmark is one of the most skilful of the many Royal photographers who now spend a considerable portion of their leisure in taking, and even developing and printing, sun-pictures. Her Royal Highness is very fond of taking snapshots of those immediately near and dear to her, and she is always particularly successful when she has the good-fortune to have Queen Alexandra for a subject, for Her Majesty's beautiful figure and exquisitely shaped head make her an exceptionally good sitter. Princess Charles had several fine cameras given to her on her marriage, and, when living in her Norfolk home, Appleton House, she often goes out on long photographic expeditions, but rarely indeed do the results of her industry ever find their way into an illustrated paper. I am, therefore, the more pleased to be able to give an example of her work.

Her Majesty's Love of Gardening.

Queen Alexandra was devoted to her garden and to the practical side of gardening long before the gardening-books made horticulture a fashionable craze. Her Majesty has certain favourite flowers, notably pansies and lilies-of-the-valley, but she takes a keen interest in everything that concerns floriculture at Sandringham, and when staying in Norfolk she is constantly in and out of the beautiful greenhouses which are a notable feature of the splendid gardens.

Balmoral Memorial of Queen Victoria.

The tenants and servants on the Royal estates in Aberdeenshire had the project of erecting a memorial to Queen Victoria discussed and finally settled, as far as they were concerned, some time ago, and the prompt sanction of the King to their proposal to place an obelisk in the Balmoral grounds has given universal satisfaction. The design has been furnished by Mr. Anderson, Clerk of Works at Balmoral, and arrangements are now well advanced. The obelisk will occupy a position between the bronze statue of the late Sovereign and that of the

Prince Consort on the lawn known as "The Monument Park." It will be an imposing structure of granite from Glengelder, and should form a conspicuous feature of the landscape from the Castle, as it will rise to a height of thirty feet. A flight of steps will lead to a platform, whence will spring a corniced "die" for the inscription, the whole culminating in a needle-shaped stone twenty feet in height.

The late Duke of Edinburgh's Memorial.

The memorial to the Duke of Edinburgh, the design and site for which were approved and chosen by Queen Victoria last autumn, has been in position for some weeks now. It is in the form of a Celtic cross, gracefully chased, and bears the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of her dear son, Alfred Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Edinburgh, by his sorrowing mother, Victoria R.I. Treu und Fest." The site of the memorial is singularly appropriate. Not far in the rear there is beautiful woodland, around there is the restful green of the spacious lawn, and directly in front there rises the historic peak of Craig-Gowan.

An Imperial House-Party.

The German Emperor seems bent on showing civilities to those of King Edward's subjects who were specially kind in their reception and entertainment of his eldest son and heir—indeed, the story goes that His Imperial Majesty intends to act as host to an exclusively British house-party, composed of those with whom the Crown Prince stayed during his recent visit to this country. This historic gathering is expected to take place in the New Palace at Potsdam, where Lord Lansdale has already stayed so often. If, as is almost certain to be the case, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are included in the invitation, her fortunate Grace will be the first American lady—if Countess Waldersee be excepted—who has been thus honoured by the mighty Kaiser.

Major H. De la Poer Gough.

Major Gough, whose unfortunate experience at Utrecht has been the cause of so much comment lately, is the son of General Sir Charles J. S. Gough, G.C.B., V.C., a veteran of the Mutiny and other Indian campaigns, and nephew of General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C., Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the Tower. Of Irish parentage on both sides, Major Gough joined the "Scarlet Lancers" nearly thirteen years ago, and went through the Tirah Campaign of 1897-8. He went with his regiment from India to South Africa at the commencement of the War, in October 1899, and three months after was appointed to the command of the Mounted Infantry Regiment which met with disaster. As he has many times been brought to favourable notice in official despatches and in the Press for his bravery and efficiency, it is but natural that the brave father of a gallant son should protest against the ungenerous criticisms of "arm-chair critics" before the facts of the case are known. As Sir Charles pertinently points out, Major Gough knew nothing of the presence of Botha with a large command in the neighbourhood, neither did his superior officers who sent him on the ill-fated expedition. It was generally believed that only small, straggling bands of Boers were in the neighbourhood. Hence the success of the trap laid by the cunning Botha.



KING EDWARD VII. ON DEESIDE: HIS MAJESTY AS COLONEL OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

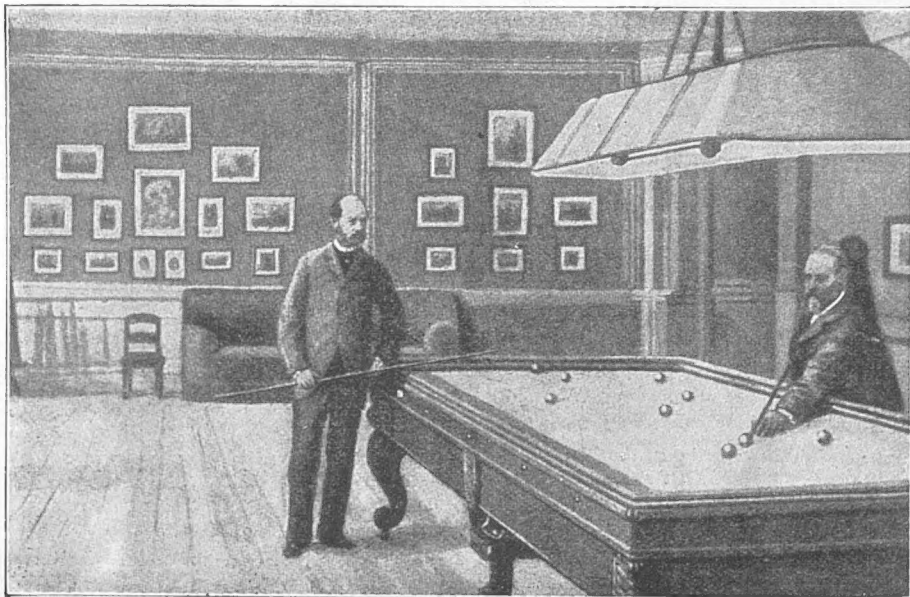
Photo by Milne, Ballater.

Editing an Emperor.

"Facts are chiel that winna ding, and downa be disputed." So sang a poet once upon a time, but he didn't live in the twentieth century, or he'd have known better. A "fact" is something of no importance—in Russia. At least, it would seem so in the light of the facts pictorially recorded on this page. A month ago, *The Illustrated London News* published a picture apropos of the recent Royal visit to Denmark, showing the King, the King of Denmark, and the late Emperor of Russia engaged in the pleasing after-dinner pastime of playing billiards. The picture was at once reproduced by a well-known Russian illustrated weekly, but—the Czar was literally "not in it." Can it be that this is another evidence of the supreme importance of the Censor in Russian journalism, that that most important functionary who blots out the writing of any author he chooses, no matter how illustrious his reputation, objects to seeing his late Imperial master in mufti with mere Kings, and so makes him disappear with a "Hey presto—quick!" like the modern juggler? Or is it that he objects to the people seeing the Czar dressed in jacket and trousers, like any of his "children"? Perhaps it was evening, and he was horrified that they were not in evening-dress, and so refused to be a party to this breach of the conventions; or, can it be that he objected to the fact that the Czar is shown in mufti, and Czars never wear mufti when the Censor can prevent it? Perhaps, though, the Censor wasn't to blame, after all. It may have been the Editor, who meant to bring his picture up to date, and refused to "give the show away" by introducing a figure which would "date" it most emphatically. It must be delightful, anyway, to "edit" an Emperor and blue-pencil him.

Deer-Stalking.

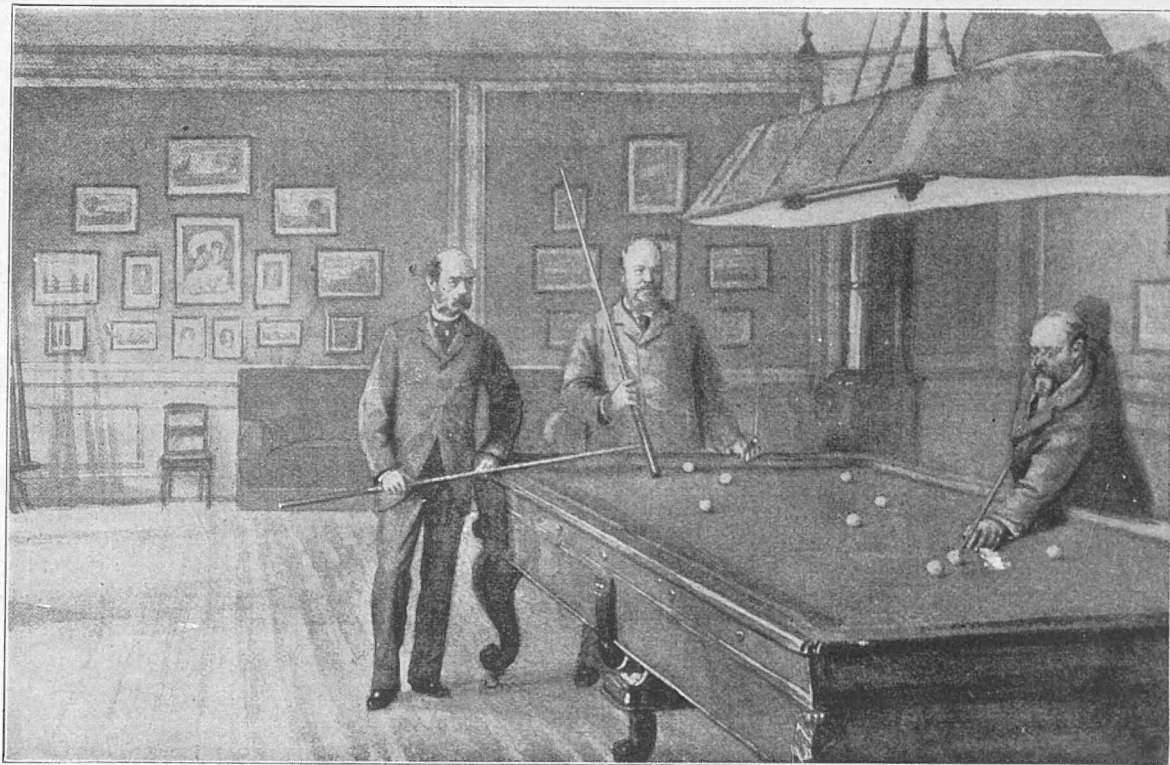
The deer-stalking season is drawing to a close, and in a few days the stags will be left in peace. From printed and private reports, it is quite clear that the season has been a very good one, and that the lack of good feeding in many forests during the early summer was not so detrimental to the herds as it was expected to be. This paper has so often testified to its appreciation of the "lady sportsman" that one notes with interest the great success that has attended the fair sex this year with the rifle. Perhaps the best achievement by a lady is Miss Elsa Lambert's in the Glencally Forest, in Forfarshire, one of those small, well-stocked shootings that are the desire of all modest sportsmen. In one day, Miss Lambert shot four red-deer, stalking her quarry in proper fashion. Glencally belongs to Sir John Kinloch, and is let to Mr. C. E. Lambert. The shooting extends over about eight thousand acres, and, within this comparatively limited area, yields some of the best sport in the county. About half of the place is forest.



THE SAME PICTURE AS REPRODUCED IN A RUSSIAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
PUZZLE: FIND ALEXANDER III.

The Value of Deer-Forests.

The ever-increasing value of deer-forests is clearly shown by the sale of Letterewe to the Marquis of Zetland for £70,000. There are few better forests than this one in Ross-shire. It extends over some fifty thousand acres, and has a season's record of more than one hundred stags. There is a beautiful house attached to the shooting on the banks of Loch Maree, and the present season's tenant is Mr. Tom Brassey.



THE KING OF DENMARK, THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (ALEXANDER III.), AND KING EDWARD VII. (AS PRINCE OF WALES) PLAYING BILLIARDS AT FREDENSBORG PALACE.

From "*The Illustrated London News*" of Sept. 7, 1901.

Less than thirty shillings an acre may not seem an excessive price for a huge estate, but it must not be forgotten that deer-forests are no good for anything else. At the beginning of the nineteenth century they were little more than sheep-runs inhabited by the wildest Highlanders and so steadily shot by the shepherds that the rent for deer-shooting was quite trivial. Fifty pounds a-year would have rented a forest fifty years ago for which two or three thousand pounds is asked and paid to-day. Letterewe is in the thickest part of the forest that spreads over that part of Ross-shire near the great forests of Kinlochewe, shot this year by Mr. William Peel, M.P., and Fannich, where Mr. Arthur Grenfell is shooting. The Marquis of Zetland has been shooting on the Kinrara estate in Inverness-shire which he holds from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Another Glorious First.

The First of October certainly this year deserved to share with Sept. 1 the nickname of "the Glorious First," for all over the kingdom the pheasant season opened exceptionally well, and the prospects of good sport are equally distributed over a very large area. Time was when huge parties used to assemble for the First of October, but now there is a tendency to put off serious shooting till towards the middle of the month, and hitherto the Sandringham shoots have taken place in November and December. By the way, the first brace of pheasants to reach Scotland was that despatched in the early morning of last Tuesday week from Windsor addressed to Balmoral. The names of leading shots are known wherever the English language is spoken—indeed, it is quite usual for an exceptionally good shot to be told by his friends that he is "a regular de Grey." But probably few people not in the regular shooting set are aware of how many ladies now pride themselves on being good sportswomen in the narrower acceptation of the term, and this in spite of the fact that shooting straight is not an art practised by any of our Princesses. Curiously enough, many of the best sportswomen are at the same time very feminine both in manner and appearance; this is especially true of the Duchess of Bedford, who has an unerring eye and aim. Yet another exceptionally good sportswoman is Lady Tweedmouth, but she devotes more of her time to deer-stalking than she does to shooting grouse or pheasants.

Mr. Ronald MacDonald, the son of Dr. George MacDonald, and himself the author of the charming story, "The Sword of the King," has completed a new novel of the time of Charles II., which he calls "God Save the King."

President Roosevelt at Home.

The domestic life of the new President of the United States and Mrs. Roosevelt might not inaptly be described as a prolonged honeymoon. At Oyster Bay, where they have their non-official home, their neighbours regard them as being still in the lover stage, in which each finds the companionship of the other sufficient for all worldly needs. In this way, the White House will carry on the tradition which made the domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley so interesting to the people at large, and proved not the least conspicuous factor in that affectionate regard in which the Chief Magistrate of the country was so universally held. Although it is by no means generally known, yet the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had its origin in England, for they were married in December 1886 at St. George's, Hanover Square, by a relative of Mrs. Roosevelt. At Oyster Bay they live a typical country life with their six children, Miss Alice Roosevelt, the President's daughter by a former marriage, Theodore junior, or "young Teddy," as he is commonly called, who is now thirteen, and Ethel, Archibald, Kermit, and Quentin, Kermit being a family name of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Young Theodore Roosevelt has for some time been a notable personage on account of the marked resemblance to his father, even to the large spectacles he wears. Someone, it is said, once declared he must have been "forty years old when he was born." He is certainly a remarkable child, and is a great reader, while he devotes no little of his leisure to a museum, which is most admirably arranged. In spite of his bookish tendencies, however, he delights in outdoor sports, like his father, who joins him in his amusements as if he were of the same age. One of the most characteristic stories told of the boy is that on one occasion a reporter, who had to see Colonel Roosevelt, published a very "nice" paragraph about the boy. The next time they met, the child drew himself up to his full height and said, "My attention has been called to your article about me. Please do not do that sort of thing again. I am not a candidate for public office, and I have no desire for notoriety." Somewhat precocious, even for an American lad of the ripe age of thirteen!

The Kaiser as Artist.

There seems to be still existing considerable friction (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) between the Berlin municipal representatives and the Kaiser. The last cause of offence seems to be the fact that the German Emperor refuses, in the cause of art, to allow the erection of a certain fountain which the town authorities had desired to build. It is pretty safe to back His Majesty's taste in this respect against that of the majority of the inhabitants of Berlin: the Kaiser is almost as good an artist as he is a soldier, which is saying a great deal. This talent for painting he inherits undoubtedly from his late mother, whose powers in this direction were quite exceptionally great. His painting-master was the well-known Saltzmann, who is so fond of painting naval scenes. This preference for naval subjects in painting the Emperor has himself imitated: it is well known that, whenever His Majesty takes up a pencil to idly sketch whilst waiting or whilst leisurely conversing, he almost always leaves on the paper before him a picture of some magnificent battleship, schooner, or sailing-vessel.

When on his last voyage North, the Emperor instructed Saltzmann to be careful to bring "painting and sketching materials enough for two" with him, in case the weather became bad. The weather, as a fact, was atrocious for some time, the result of which was that both the Kaiser and Prince Henry worked like slaves with paint-brush and

palette and covered a large portion of the interior of the yacht *Hohenzollern* with naval views. His Majesty fully understands the idiosyncrasies of artists, and is fond of the society of all who are artistically inclined. He does all in his power to advance the cause of art in all its branches, and gives lavish orders, for which he pays out of his own private purse. The whole of the celebrated Sieges Allee, for instance, has been paid for out of His Majesty's private fund. Sometimes, however, the orders which he gives are far from easy to fulfil. When the statue was ordered of Frederick II., "the Iron," the artist, Calandrelli, is reported to have had practically nothing whatever to go upon, and was obliged to have entire recourse to a few scattered references to him in history. From these he learnt that Frederick "had a stern, sorrowful countenance," "wore an ermine mantle over his armour," and "was to a certain degree like his father."

On another occasion, the Emperor ordered a statue to be made of Bishop Frederick Sesselmann. The artist learnt that his tomb in a church at Fürstenwalde bore his likeness. He hurried thither, but found, to his chagrin, that the tomb's carved portrait of the Bishop was a delusion; there were a few vague contours left, but nothing else. The artist, however, had the outlines photographed and showed them to the Emperor, who was evidently much tickled. The sculptor routed out a hazy description of the Bishop from various history-books, and sketched a portrait to suit the description. The Emperor, on seeing it, laughed heartily and said, "It is quite extraordinarily like the photograph which you brought the other day." Emperor William II., like Frederick the Great, is his own builder. He has made great changes in the Imperial Castle in Berlin, has built a fine terrace along the Spree, and has considerably altered for the better the New Palace at Potsdam.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the millionaire owner of Cliveden and of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has proved once more how devoted he is to his adopted country, for only last

week the philanthropic world was thrilled by the news that he had forwarded a cheque for £10,000 to Lord Ancaster, the present Chairman of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mr. Astor is himself the father of a son and daughter—the latter a particularly charming and refined-looking girl; while young Astor is a hard-working and studious Oxford undergraduate, after having won fame at Eton as one of the most capable and skilful of "wet bobs" that famous school has ever known. The late Mrs. Astor took a particular interest in all that concerned the welfare of children, and she had a warm admiration of the splendid work accomplished by the "N.S.P.C.C." Her premature death caused a deep shadow to fall over the lives of her devoted husband and children, and only lately has Mr. Astor really begun to be much seen in English Society. He has become to all intents and purposes an English Squire, and his house-parties at Cliveden, the beautiful riverside estate which was formerly the property successively of the Dukes of Sutherland and Westminster, are becoming in their way quite noted.

A Correction.

I much regret that, owing to a correspondent having been misinformed, it should have been stated in the issue of *The Sketch* for Sept. 18 last that Miss Daisy Le Hay was the granddaughter of Mr. Richard Temple senior. Mr. Temple's only offspring is that talented young actor, Mr. Richard Temple junior, and, as this latter gentleman is not the father of Miss Le Hay—there is only a few years' difference in their ages, and both are quite young—it is obvious that my correspondent is in error. My apologies to all concerned.



Ethel. Theodore. Alice. Quentin. Kermit. Archibald.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHILDREN.

*The Skipper of
"Shamrock II."*

Perhaps, of all the prominent men in the British Empire to-day, the one whose name has been most on the lips of "The Man in the Street" of late has been Sir Thomas Lipton; and a good second came Captain Sycamore. Everyone will admit that the Captain of the *Shamrock* has "done himself proud" in his encounters with the redoubtable

his men from quarrelling, and, in such circumstances, he could not have great zest in whipping them against the Government. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone's personal tastes are artistic, not political. I doubt, however, if there is any truth in the report that he may quit Parliament. The House of Commons without a Gladstone would be a strange place.

Mr. Edward Gully. Mr. Edward Gully's engagement has excited an agreeable interest among Parliamentarians. As private secretary to his father, the Speaker, he occupies a position requiring tact in the House of Commons. This position he fills in an admirable manner. He has a smile for everyone, and his urbanity equals his father's. Mr. Edward Gully is only thirty-one this month. In figure he is slight and neat. He is almost a rival of Mr. Robert Spencer in matter of dress.

*Gilbertian Opera
in South America.*

The position of affairs in Colombia, Venezuela, and the North of South America generally partakes of the character of the true Gilbertian medley. Each State is against every other State, and in each State there are at least two parties who are quite literally at daggers drawn. Each State has a President who has come to power by overthrowing his predecessor; the latter, in his turn, if he has survived the revolution which displaced him, is at the head of the Opposition. President Castro, the "Executive" of Colombia, is at present "top o' the heap," and his ambition not only to mould all these conflicting, jarring elements into one, but also to gain possession of the Isthmus of Panama, threatens to bring Uncle Sam down on him and all the rest of them. The first thing President Roosevelt has had to tackle is this South American business, and it is quite on the cards that the United States will presently have another war on its hands, resulting most probably in its permanent occupation of that narrow neck of land which, after the Suez Canal, is the most important, most valuable, and most coveted physical feature on the face of the globe.

Where is Koweyt? During the past week or two a good many people have been asking this question, and the further questions, What is the British Empire to Koweyt, or Koweyt to the British Empire? And these inquiries have been made because there was enough "trouble" at Koweyt for certain of our warships to be despatched to that place, and also because it was stated that Great Britain was about to proclaim a Protectorate over it. Most of what little information reached the public came from India, and this fact gives the key to the whole matter.

Koweyt, in a measure, may be described as a half-way house to Bombay. It is a small port situated on the north-east side of the Persian Gulf, and belongs to Turkey, though it has a semi-independent Sheikh. Not very far from it is the important city of Basrah, where there is a considerable Turkish force; behind it is the great Arabian Desert. But what makes Koweyt of real importance is that, in all probability, it will be the terminus of the Intercontinental Railway to be built from Europe, and thence through Asia, along the Valley of the Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf. Koweyt is only a few miles from the mouths of the old-time historic river. It will thus be seen that the place is one of the pawns in the great game that is being played, principally by ourselves and Russia, for the overlordship of Asia.



CAPTAIN SYCAMORE, THE SKIPPER OF "SHAMROCK II."

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

Captain Barr. At the outset, there was perhaps a tendency to belaud the American Captain at the expense of the Irishman, but the way in which the latter manœuvred *Shamrock II.* showed that, as regards skill in handling the yacht, no less than in seamanship, he had nothing to learn from the Captain of the *Columbia*. Captain Sycamore, with his strong face, bearded and moustached, has the typical expression of those who live by the sea, and he assuredly knows as well how to sail a racing-yacht as any man on either side of the Atlantic. He has made a reputation in America hardly second to that of the dashing Captain of the speedy *Columbia*.

*Wonderful
Wynyard.*

Wynyard, where Lord and Lady Londonderry have been entertaining a party of their friends, and where the engagement of Lady Helen Stewart to Lord Stavordale was formally announced, is one of the wonders of that great stretch of Black Country to be found on the East Coast. In spite of its proximity to the coal-pits from which its owner's great wealth is, in a measure, derived, it is exceedingly beautiful, and the park is one of the finest in the kingdom. There are few houses at which the King, as Prince of Wales, more enjoyed a sojourn, and it is probable that Lady Londonderry will be one of the first hostesses to have the honour and pleasure of entertaining their Majesties after the year of Court mourning is ended. Wynyard is a famous sporting estate, and next week Lord Londonderry begins his annual series of shooting-parties. It is, of course, hoped in the neighbourhood of Stockton-on-Tees that the wedding of Lady Helen will take place at Wynyard, but this is not very probable, for at the present moment London marriages are all the fashion, and Londonderry House is admirably adapted for the giving of a great wedding-reception.

*Mr. Herbert
Gladstone.*

Some of the papers say that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, on his marriage, will resign the post of Chief Whip to the Opposition. This is indeed a thankless post. Even Mr. Gladstone, with his influence, tact, and geniality, has failed to keep



WYNYARD HALL, THE SEAT OF LORD LONDONDERRY, WHERE THE ENGAGEMENT OF LADY HELEN STEWART TO LORD STAVORDALE WAS FORMALLY ANNOUNCED.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Alderman
J. C. Bell.

Success begotten of hard work and nurtured on perseverance has been the dominant characteristic of the life of Mr. Alderman J. C. Bell, who has been elected to fill the office of Senior Sheriff for the ensuing year. Some twenty years older than his colleague, he is still in the prime of life and as keen a sportsman as he ever was, to say nothing of being as keen a business-man. It is, indeed, his exceptional business ability



MRS. J. C. BELL,
WIFE OF THE NEW SENIOR SHERIFF OF THE
CITY OF LONDON.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

which has placed the Brewery of Glover, Bell, and Co.—now the Wenlock Brewery Company, Limited—in its position as one of the largest, most complete, and perfect of its kind. The firm is, indeed, a constant reminder of the Sheriff's success, for when he first entered it, it had no more than fifty employes, whereas now they number several hundreds. Originally intended to be an accountant, he gave up that work in order to enter an Australian firm, which endeavoured, by the offer of a very fine position, to get him to go to Australia in its interests. Imbued with the belief that there was plenty of room at the top of the tree in London, Mr. Bell remained, to start on the career he now follows. Twenty years ago, he joined the Court of Common Council,

to represent the Ward of Coleman Street, and step by step he advanced in position, until in 1894 he was unanimously elected to the Aldermanic Bench. So great is the esteem in which he is held that the electors of the Ward of Coleman Street and many of his friends have just presented him with a magnificent shrieval chain made of gold and ornamented with precious stones, one of the most striking specimens of the goldsmith's art which have been produced in recent years.

In 1868, Mr. Bell married Miss Clare, of Enfield, and they have one daughter, who, in her turn, is also the mother of a single son. The Senior Under-Sheriff is Mr. Phillips, a member of the well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Gush, Phillips, Walters, and Williams, who has already served a similar term before. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Bell is a member of several of the City Companies, and is an enthusiastic lover and patron of art, owning some of the finest pictures of the most famous modern artists.

Mr. Horace
Brooks Marshall.

Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall, the new Junior Sheriff of the City, is a most enthusiastic Freemason, and this year holds the Grand Treasurership, one of the only two offices in the Grand Lodge of English Freemasons which are settled by election.



MR. ALDERMAN J. C. BELL,
THE NEW SENIOR SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

These offices are those of Grand Master, now held by the Duke of Connaught in succession to His Majesty the King, and of Grand Treasurer, to which, it is interesting to recall, Mr. Marshall's father was also elected some seventeen years ago. Indeed, the new Sheriff literally walks in his father's shoes, for a quarter of a century ago Mr. Horace Marshall was elected to the Court of Common Council, and when he died, after twenty years of service, the son was elected in his stead. Mr. Marshall—or Mr. Sheriff Marshall, to give him his new title—is largely interested in the Masonic charities (being a patron of all three), as are his wife and daughters. For two years in succession he was Master of his

mother Lodge, the Royal Hanover, while he founded the Streatham Lodge, in which during his year of Mastership he initiated no fewer than nineteen candidates, probably a record number. His popularity in the City is attested by the fact that at the only contested election in his Ward during the last five years he was easily at the head of the poll. Besides the Masonic charities, he is greatly interested in many other philanthropic institutions, and is Treasurer of the Orphan Working School, which has homes at Haverstock Hill, Hornsey Rise, and Margate. His interest is no theoretical one, for many of the members of his staff have come from these Orphanages, fully fifty having found employment in his house during the last twenty-five years.

An Anecdote. While Mr. Marshall represents the third generation in the firm, for it was started by his grandfather, it is to him that the publishing department of the house owes its origin. Mr. Marshall's father was not an ardent publisher of books, and, perhaps, if his son were asked to-day, he would himself say that there is not a great deal of money to be made in book-publishing. Whatever his views of the making of books may be, there is no doubt of the valuation placed on the firm in outside quarters. Some little time ago, a stranger called on him, and offered to buy the business. "The business is not for sale," said Mr. Marshall.

The visitor smiled. "But suppose I make you a very advantageous offer for the business?" he replied. "The business is not for sale," repeated Mr. Marshall. "But suppose I offer you exactly double what it is worth?" persisted the visitor. "Still the business is not for sale," repeated Mr. Marshall for the third time. Mr. Marshall is devoted to golf and to cycling, to which he became addicted in the days of the "bone-shaker," and in these sports, and in billiards, he finds a recreation from trying to bring out young authors, which he has been heard to say "is rather hard work." The portrait of Mr. Marshall which is given on this page shows him in his Craft insignia as Grand Treasurer of English Freemasons. Mr. Marshall's Under-Sheriff is Mr. J. D. Langton. Like the Sheriff, he is a most zealous Freemason, and a Past Grand Officer of the Grand Lodge. This is not his first introduction to the duties of civic life, for he has already been Under-Sheriff for two years—a sufficient testimony to his personal popularity.

Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Marshall finds her chief interest and amusement in her home, for she is never so happy as when she is with her children. At the same time, she is greatly interested in many philanthropic institutions, and is a member of the Ladies' Committees of the Brixton Orphanage and the Orphan Working School. She has also laid many foundation-stones in various parts of the country.

Major-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, whose portrait *The Sketch* had the pleasure of publishing last week, has been spending a quiet but enjoyable time at Newport Pagnell, on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Rector of Great Linford. He had an enthusiastic welcome at the railway station, the Town Band, Boys' Brigade, and inhabitants mustering in full force. The bells of the parish church rang out, and a torch-light procession accompanied his carriage to his sister's residence. If brevity is really the soul of wit, Sir Alfred made one of the most humorous speeches on record, for from the steps of his sister's house he bowed an acknowledgment of his spontaneous and hearty reception, and, with a "Thanks, good friends," disappeared. In these days of interminable speeches, Sir Alfred's example is worth copying.



MR. HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL,
THE NEW JUNIOR SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Photo by Florence B. Norris, Sunningdale.

Miss Gaynor Rowlands.

Among the bevy of dark beauties who are playing small parts in "The Toreador," which continues its triumphant progress at the Gaiety, Miss Gaynor Rowlands has been singled out for notice by the public as well as by the photographers. She is, in a measure, one of Mr. George Edwardes's discoveries, for he saw her, was struck by her voice and appearance, and engaged her—things which, with him, are preliminary to making an actress a success. Those who know her aver that Miss Rowlands is a decidedly promising girl, with her career in front of her. Though she has not, so far, had a very great deal of experience, the years will, no doubt, bring that, and she is so young that she can afford to smile sweetly at them while for a long time they evolve themselves out of the shadows of the future into the lime-light of the present.

The Master of the Ceremonies.

Colonel the Hon. Sir. W. J. Colville, K.C.V.O., C.B., who has been continued by His Majesty in the post of Master of the Ceremonies, which he has filled with distinction since 1894, when he succeeded the late General Sir Francis Seymour, is an old "Green Jacket" and also one of the fast-diminishing band of Crimean veterans. Son of a distinguished General



MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS, A PARTICULARLY PRETTY GAIETY GIRL PLAYING IN "THE TOREADOR."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Officer and brother of the eleventh Baron Colville of Culross, Colonel Colville entered the Army in 1843, at the age of sixteen, and served with the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade in Canada, and throughout the Crimean Campaign till the death of Lord Raglan, when he was appointed Military Secretary to General Sir James Simpson, who took over the Crimean Command. This post he held till the fall of Sevastopol, and afterwards he was on the Staff at Malta, Shorncliffe, and Aldershot. Later he became an Assistant Inspector of Volunteers, and in 1872 was appointed Comptroller of the Household of the then Duke of Edinburgh. This was followed by his appointment to his present important position, and, though now well into his seventies, Colonel Colville is still a prominent figure at Court and quite equal to the fulfilment of the arduous and exacting duties of Master of the Ceremonies to His Majesty.

A Royal Gift.

King Edward has carried out Queen Victoria's wishes and presented Bushey House to the Royal Society. This minor Royal residence is full of interesting associations; it was used as a dower-house by more than one British Queen Consort, and during the late reign was lent by the Sovereign to the Orleans family—indeed, it was there that the Duke d'Alençon and his Duchess, the Princess who perished in the Charity Bazaar fire, spent some quiet, happy years. Bushey House is to be used in future as a Physical Science Laboratory. Considerable interest attaches to the Royal gift, as this will be the first time that a Royal Palace has been devoted to a like use.

"E. F. S."

The "O.P." Club, after great success during the first year of its existence, has elected as President Mr. Edward F. Spence, a dramatic critic thus succeeding in office a dramatist. The new President is an old hand as journalist, having contributed criticisms on music and painting to the *Artist* before his long connection with the drama began. He has written about plays as the regular representative of the following amongst other papers: *Daily Graphic*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Pictorial World*. At present he is representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, being one of the original members of its staff, and his vigorously expressed criticisms on drama will be found in that paper above the signature of "E. F. S." He is also representative of one of the great Northern dailies. Last, and obviously not least, Mr. Spence has written for *The Sketch* from its very first number, and contributed to these columns, to which he is still attached, a large amount of copy concerning drama and many other subjects, to say nothing of a number of short stories. Mr. Spence is a Charterhouse "man," contemporary with Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Lionel Monckton, but junior to Mr. Forbes-Robertson and senior to Mr. Max Beerbohm; it will be seen that the old school plays its part in the theatrical world. The new President—who, by the way, was also President of "The Playgoers' Club"—has a weakness for fishing, concerning which he writes for the *Field*.



MR. EDWARD F. SPENCE, DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" AND NEW PRESIDENT OF THE "O.P." CLUB.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Mr. Cecil Aldin's Exhibition.

Both Mr. Cecil Aldin's name and work are so familiar to readers of *The Sketch* that I am sure I have only to publish this delightful card of invitation to his exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings of Sporting Subjects to ensure a rush in the direction of the Woodbury Gallery, New Bond Street. Bear in mind, however, that the exhibition closes at the end of this month.

THE WOODBURY GALLERY, 37 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



MR. CECIL ALDIN

requests the honour of a visit from
_____ & friend

to the
"PRIVATE VIEW"
of his

WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS OF
"SPORTING SUBJECTS"

on Saturday, October 5th, 1901, (10 to 6)

This Card admits to the Exhibition any day till October 31st 1901

A Busy Peer. Nobody can accuse the Earl of Rosslyn, whose stage-name is "James Erskine," of idleness. Not only does he histrionise, war-correspond, and think out schemes for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, but also, whilst on tour with Mrs. Langtry in "A Royal Necklace," he acts as diligent snapshotter for that highly favoured paper, *The Sketch*. This week his Lordship sends me pictures of some of the "Second in Command" Company principals, among them being that favourite of fortune and the playgoer, Mr. Cyril Maude.

The Dictionary and the "Immortals." The French Government and the French Academy (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) have been on bad terms for a long time, and everybody knows it, but their last point of controversy is calculated to astonish the world. It is all about the Dictionary, the famous Dictionary, which was begun forty years ago and which is still at the letter "A." One would hardly expect the subject to rouse lively passion, but it appears that the Government pays a salary to the makers of this Dictionary. It is not very strange, then, if they begin to think that the time consumed is rather excessive. A Deputy has had the audacity to propose the withdrawal of the salary. It is easy to understand that he has brought down all the thunders of the forty "Immortals."

It is true the amount each "Immortal" receives is not very great; it is calculated that each gets on an average sixteen hundred francs, which draws from the Budget of the State some sixty-four thousand francs a-year. But if one calculates, at the rate they are going, the long centuries it will take to finish the work, the Deputy argues that the people will have paid a little dear for a Dictionary. There does not seem to be any answer to this, neither, as far as I know, has the Academy attempted any. Maintaining that they are persecuted, they simply lay the fault to—Dreyfus. That poor Dreyfus! He must be getting a curvature of the spine.

Duc d'Auerstadt. Nobody knows officially why General Davout, Duc d'Auerstadt, has been revoked from his functions of Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, but everybody has his little opinion, all the same. They say he has been in conflict with the Government for a long time, and gossip pretends he feigned a malady so as not to go with the Government to salute the Czar at Compiègne. This was the last straw, for the Czar is, of course, a member of the Order. General Davout does not hold his title by direct descent; he is great-nephew of the first Duke, who was one of Napoleon's Generals and who died without issue, letting the title lapse. Napoleon III. revived the title for the present Duke.

Jeanne Marni. Paris has a new woman dramatist, Madame Jeanne Marni. Her comedy in three Acts, "Manoune," was given this week, to open the season at the Gymnase. The critics speak well of the play. Madame Marni has long been known to Parisians by several collections of novelettes and by her satirical dialogues in the *Journal* and in the *Vie Parisienne*, in which she has branded, with a spiritual wit which makes her the rival of "Gyp," the fashionable vices of the day. Her daughter is one of the principal collaborators on *La Fronde*.

Miss Helen Ferrars. Mr. Allan Aynesworth. Mr. Cyril Maude.



Mr. G. P. Hawtrey. Miss Dorothy Hammond. Mr. W. Gayer Mackay.

RIVAL COMPANIES ON BOARD: A GROUP OF THE "ROYAL NECKLACE" AND "SECOND IN COMMAND" PRINCIPALS, TAKEN ON THE "CONNAUGHT."

From Photographs by Lord Rosslyn ("James Erskine").

The Play in Paris. The critics in Paris are promised 352 *premières* during the present season. If things do not improve, that stock will be run out by Christmas, and another 352 wanted. The Vaudeville opened with "La Vie en Voyage," and the next day M. Porel announced that he had decided on its successor. It is



Miss Muriel Beaumont. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald. Mr. Cyril Maude.

POPULAR PLAYERS ON TOUR: SOME OF THE "SECOND IN COMMAND" PRINCIPALS, TAKEN ON THE "CONNAUGHT."

absolutely without a semblance of plot, and is really one of those panoramas so popular for the children at the Exhibition. "L'Ecolière," with which Gemier opened the Renaissance to compete with Antoine, is foredoomed. It is possible to make a farce out of the idea of a charming girl being pursued by all sorts and conditions of Government officials and functionaries, but it is positively ridiculous when it is turned into a tragedy, and the spectacle given of the girl never being able to open her door without finding an unpleasant suitor, and sometimes half-a-dozen at a time. It suggests an episode of a shipwrecked crew on a desert isle with one female saved. "Manoune," at the Gymnase, is equally gloomy and hopelessly deficient in psychological study. No, so far, the dramatic crop is not brilliant.

The "America" Cup. It is astonishing the interest the Parisian took in the Cup Races. The pavement in the Avenue de l'Opéra outside the *New York Herald* office, where bulletins in English and French were posted up, was blocked, and every phase of the contest was excitedly discussed in a babel of tongues. Sir Thomas was always favoured, as the general idea was that England was in the Old World, and the New had been keeping a little of its property too long.

English Embassy Protests. Credit is due to the British Embassy for protesting against a journal filled with disgusting caricatures against the King of England. In the twinkling of an eye the police seized it. It is as well that Sir Edmund Monson should adopt the tactics of the German Ambassador.

A Doubtful Project. I am told that it is under consideration in London to establish a permanent theatre in Paris. The scheme is to have a small theatre in the Capital and make tours in the suburbs frequented by the English colony, such as Asnières, Colombes, and Boulogne. I am afraid it would be a failure. After he has been six months in France, the Englishman rarely buys an English journal, and disappears into the life of the boulevards.



LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

V.

Unconvincing Helsingfors—Peaceful Kronstadt—Stockholm Again—The Local Circus and a Horse who Knew the Ropes—A Swedish Football-Match—Kalmar Castle and Ye Incarcerated Maidening—A Poor Thing in Shipwrecks.

ON my return journey from St. Petersburg to Stockholm, my dear Dollie, I got off the boat at Helsingfors, the Capital of Finland. It is a large place, and has every appearance of prosperity. Whether it is really prosperous or otherwise, I am unable to say. Somehow or other, the new buildings and the electric cars and the elaborately laid-out gardens didn't convince me. The buildings, you see, were shut up, and the cars were empty, and the flowers in the gardens had no scent. However, one must not pass judgment upon a Continental town after a mere morning-call.

By the way, I forgot to tell you about Kronstadt, the great Russian fortress that guards—or is popularly supposed to guard—the approach to St. Petersburg. I say, supposed to guard, because, in reality, Kronstadt is quite a fraud. Not only does it look unimposing, pleasant, and peaceful, but it really is so. I think it is only kept on as a dear old relic, and to enable imaginative writers of romance to weave thrilling stories around its sleepy old walls. I had been warned before leaving home that it was a highly dangerous thing to take a camera to Russia, and that, above all, one should not attempt to take a snapshot of the great fortress. Bless you! As we approached Kronstadt on a fine, sunny morning, I heard snapshot cameras



clicking all around me like hailstones on a window-pane. It is there to be snapshotted or grape-shot, or anything else you like. If our boat had passed near enough to the old thing, I wouldn't have minded hitting it with my umbrella.

On the evening of the day upon which I re-arrived at Stockholm, I paid a visit to the local Circus. I didn't get to the Circus until nearly ten o'clock, and it occurred to me that, as it was so late, I would save money by going into the cheaper seats. The manager, however, on learning my intention, was aghast. It was not, he said, to be thought of for one moment. I should be crushed and cowed and squashed, and I shouldn't get a fair idea of the performance. He must therefore insist on my going into the best seats in the house. It would be extra money, of course, but he didn't care how large a sum I paid as long as I had a good seat.

The argument seemed a good one, so I bought a stall at high price and prepared to fight my way in. However, there was no bother about getting to the seat. Indeed, I could have made a bee-line to it from any part of the house, for nearly all the other seats were empty. Honestly, I should say there were about thirty people in the house, and it was built to hold at least three hundred. Just at first, I thought I had the place all to myself, but, when my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, I discovered a few shivering mortals sitting up near the roof, a small dog asleep in the ring, and four unfortunate beings in blue uniforms in the bandmen's gallery.

Presently, these dreary ones last named sounded a few wailing

chords, and an old horse, shabbily bedizened and bearing upon his back a stout man in dirty tights, trotted solemnly into the ring. I knew him at once for a circus-horse of long standing, not merely from the fact that his piebaldness was peeling off in patches, but also because, directly he entered the arena, he took stock of the house. The immediate result of his observation was that the trot became a walk, and the walk became a shamble. Having paid the full price for my seat, I felt hurt at this behaviour on the part of the old gee, but I suppose he thought I looked like "paper." Anyhow, the risk that the rider ran in turning somersaults on that horse wouldn't have been exciting enough to stir the blood of a crippled pauper. I left the Circus in disgust.

I also saw a football-match during my second visit to Stockholm. It took place on a Sunday afternoon, and I believe the opposing teams represented Stockholm and Upsala. The players were all fine-looking young fellows with fierce moustachios, and I quite thought that a good deal of skill would be shown, even if no accident occurred. My dear Dollie, you would have been perfectly safe as centre-forward, half-back, or full-back for either side. Indeed, I fully believe that, if you had come on the field in that hockey-dress and those stout boots of yours, the whole crowd would have retired into the pavilion, barred the door, and peeped at you nervously through the chinks of the carefully shuttered window.

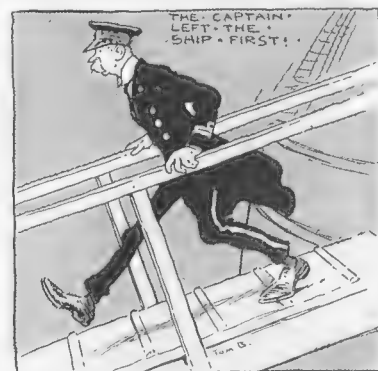
Immediately on the call of time, a table and a chair were placed in the centre of the ground, and a little round fat man began giving away medals, and prizes as fast as he could. It didn't seem to matter who got the medals. I suppose they were all decorated for being so brave as to turn out.

The next morning, I bought a ticket for Malmö and climbed on to the fifth boat that had had the honour of carrying me since my departure from England. On the evening of the second day out from Stockholm, we touched at Kalmar, a quaint old town on the east coast of Sweden, with a pretty castle and a capital confectioner's shop. The girl who showed me round the castle was as beautiful as a grocer's almanack; the pity of it was that she had evidently been forbidden to smile. It occurred to me that she might be an incarcerated maiden, but, on my putting the question to her in a series of elaborate signs, she merely gazed at me with round eyes and then persevered in her description of the tapestry. I wonder whether she would have relented any had she known that that night I was to be shipwrecked?

Don't be alarmed, dear Dollie: I came through it quite comfortably and without a stain on my ulster. It was in this way. We left Kalmar at eight o'clock in the evening and proceeded gently southwards towards Malmö. The night was fine; the moon rode high in the cloudless heavens. I made an excellent supper, and turned into my bunk at about eleven o'clock. At four o'clock, as nearly as I could judge by the heaviness of the snoring that proceeded from the cabins around me, I awoke and noted sleepily that the boat was thumping its way through the water at a rather slower pace than usual. To be more explicit, we were only just moving.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I leapt up, hastily dragged on somebody else's clothes, and rushed on deck. You will be wrong, little patroness of nautical romances. I rolled over and went to sleep again. At eight o'clock I was once more awakened, and learnt from the stewardess that we had broken our shaft and were making the foolishness of our way back to Kalmar. Think of it! A tragedy on the high seas, and I had slept through the whole silly business as calmly as a barn-door fowl on its perch. Again, I was disappointed to note, when I had fully realised the situation, that the conduct of both passengers and crew was in every way prosaic. There was no panic amongst the former, and the latter did not even make a dash for the breakfast-coffee. But worse was to come. When we finally arrived at Kalmar, three men and two boys only were on the quay, and even these few witnesses of our sideways entry made no attempt at raising a cheer. The final blow was dealt when the Captain, eager to explain away the accident to some representative of his Company on the quay, actually left the ship first! So ended the worst-managed shipwreck of modern times.

P.S.—I wonder if I shall be shipwrecked on my honeymoon.



Chic

LADY BEATRIX HERBERT.

PROMINENT in the group of beautiful *débutantes* who may be said to belong both to the nineteenth and to the twentieth century is Lady Beatrix Herbert, the pretty elder daughter of Lord and Lady Pembroke; she is also not the least clever and good-looking of a set of girl-cousins which includes Lady Juliette Lowther

probably be presented at one of Queen Alexandra's first Drawing-Rooms. Just now, Lord and Lady Pembroke, with their eldest son and their two daughters, are celebrating Lord Herbert's coming-of-age in Dublin, and rarely has a more charming sight been seen in the Phoenix Park than that witnessed some days ago, when the whole party gave



LADY BEATRIX HERBERT, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

and the daughters of Lady Maude Parry and of the Duchess of Leeds. Lady Beatrix has just been assisting her mother in doing the honours of Wilton House during the coming-of-age of her elder brother, Lord Herbert, than whom she is a little older; five years separate her from her only sister, Lady Muriel, who will

themselves up during a long afternoon to entertaining two thousand children whose homes and schools are situated on the Dublin Pembroke estate. A pretty and uncommon feature of the fête was the presence of many nurses who for that afternoon were allowed to be off duty from the hospitals situated in the same quarter of the town.

GOOD NEWS FOR DANCERS!

COVENT GARDEN'S NEWEST GARB.

WALK UP! Walk up! Walk up! The Covent Garden Ball season is just about to commence! As a matter of fact, it commences on Friday next at 11 p.m. It therefore seemed fitting that, on behalf of Terpsichorean *Sketch* readers, there should be prepared some preliminary account of the new decorative as well as of the new dancing delights that may be expected in this new Fancy-Dress Ball season.

The present writer has closely followed these gorgeous gatherings ever since poor Sir Augustus Harris first started them, eleven years ago, in order that he might cut away what seemed likely to prove a very dangerous local winter opposition to the attractions at Drury Lane, which our lamented friend "Gus" always so delighted to call "The National Theatre." But never, either in my dear dead friend's time or since these stupendous dances were taken over by his brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Rendle, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Neil Forsyth, have I seen such splendid preparations made as are now in progress there.

Knowing Rendle and Forsyth, as I have done from their youth up, and knowing my Covent Garden Theatre in the elder Augustus Harris's time for years before they were even old enough to be taken to see a pantomime there, I was, of course, able to arrange a private view, all to myself, some days before what may be called the "public-private" view, which is fixed for this (Wednesday) afternoon, two days before the starting of the season.

Imprimis, I must tell you that the scene wherein the dancers will disport this season represents "The Sunny South"—that is to say, a large-sized portion thereof. As a matter of fact, you will find yourself pirouetting and promenading at Monte Carlo, with the gorgeous blue sky and its myriad stars above you, and the purple sea around you. From your Monte Carlo-wingian terraces you look over to Monaco and other favourite neighbouring resorts, with their lovely foliage and their twinkling lights. All around the stage end of the now vastly increased dancing-floor are realistic Kiosks, Casino buildings, Smoking Lounges, and so forth, all "practicable," as they say in stage directions; while in sundry nooks and corners, among lovely palms and banks of beautiful flowers, there nestle real Bars, lavishly supplied with real drinks, and watched over by attendants in Monte Carloesque costumes, the barmaids looking perfect "poems."

In the centre of this lovely Mediterranean scene, all the work of Mr. Bruce Smith, there is a lovely white-and-gold new band-stand of novel pattern, to be again presided over by the veteran Dan Godfrey. Looking from your Monte Carlo terraces out theatrewards, you will see

that a marvellous transformation has taken place in the auditorium. In place of the old-time red curtains and hangings, there are now rich white and yellow, and amber ditto, ditto, all bejewelled, as it were, with thousands of little amber lights.

Not only have the Smoking Lounge, the Bars, and the dancing-floor (with its six hundred wonderfully fitted sections of about a hundred pieces each) all been added to considerably, but there is the splendid new Supper Room over the colonnades, with its seven magnificent oil-paintings of Greek goddesses. These are a hundred and fifty years of age—meaning, of course, the pictures, not the goddesses.

As some indication of the cost of these delightful gatherings organised by Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, I may mention that each one takes a fortnight to prepare. —H. C. N.

A BATCH OF BLITHE BOWMANS.

Acting, like a good many other things, often runs in the family, and full many a proof of this thushness can be adduced, notably the cases of Kate, Ellen, Marion, Florence, Fred, and Minnie Terry; Sir Henry, "H. B.," and Lawrence Irving; Fred senior, Fred junior, Huntley, Bertie, Marie, and Haidée Wright; and Empsie, Maggie, Isa, and Nellie Bowman, portraits of which quaint and clever quartette are herewith presented. Like the Terrys and the Wrights, the Bowman girls have been on "the boards" since their merest babyhood, and, indeed, several of them began to prattle little parts in sundry earlier productions of "Alice in Wonderland." In due course, a few years later, they were promoted to quite nice little girl-characters in that other delightful fairy play, "The Rose and the Ring." In the last-named piece, Empsie was the droll little Commander-in-Chief and Isa the good little Fairy. Presently that wholesale bringer-out of excellent stage-players, Mr. Ben Greet, brought out all the Bowman damsels in sundry pastoral Shaksperian plays, but especially "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was in this play, by-the-bye, that Mr. Greet introduced Miss Louie Fretar to London as

Puck, some years before that clever little lady played the character in Mr. Tree's glorious revival at Her Majesty's.

As the blithe little Bowmans bloomed into their teens they were scattered around into sundry companies. Thus, one would see Empsie as a "principal boy" in certain leading pantomimes, Maggie as "principal girl" in similar festive works, and Nellie performing similar tasks in pantomime or burlesque. As for Isa, she was still a mere girl when she was selected to play Cinderella in the last Drury Lane play the late Sir Augustus Harris ever produced. After that, Miss Isa (likewise Maggie) were seen in certain Arthur Robertsonian plays; and subsequently she and another Bowman sister or two successfully carried out certain engagements in the chief "variety theatres," as our leading music-halls are now called.



OPENING OF THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL SEASON: PROGRAMME DESIGN, SHOWING THE NEW "SUNNY SOUTH" SCENE.

THE CLEVER BOWMAN SISTERS.



MISS ISA BOWMAN AS THE UP-TO-DATE GIRL.
Photo by Taber's Studios, New Bond Street, W.



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN AS OBERON.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS NELLIE BOWMAN AS TITANIA.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MAGGIE BOWMAN AS PUCK.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

(See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE first number of a new literary and political weekly will appear towards the end of this month. The title will probably be *A Survey of the Week*, and the price one penny. I understand that the paper is strongly backed by several well-known Liberal-Imperialists, and that a late member of the staff of the *Speaker* will be responsible for the editorial arrangements.

Is this the beginning of the American system of selling books? A well-known publisher, who has earned a reputation for pushfulness, is advertising in the papers of the drapery trade that he is anxious to quote special terms to drapers who have book departments. Up to the present, publishers have very generally ignored the draper-bookseller, but there are many signs that he is to be extensively catered for in the near future. Of course, the wholesale bookseller has for a long time been supplying these drapers at trade terms, so that the change is not as radical as might be supposed. Still, no doubt the genuine booksellers will make a considerable outcry, for everyone knows that the opening of book departments in the large stores in America has done the greatest harm to the old-fashioned book-sellers.

Mr. Barry O'Brien, who was for many years one of the principal reviewers of the *Speaker* under Sir Wemyss Reid, and who is widely known as the author of the "Life of Parnell," has completed his biography of Lord Russell of Killowen. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will publish the book.

Mr. Mackenzie, author of "The American Invasion," a booklet which is having a very large sale, is responsible for the statement that the firm of Americans who started the cheap reprint of "The Encyclopedia Britannica" in this country, and were also responsible for "The Standard Library of Famous Literature" and several other similar undertakings, has made a profit of over a quarter of a million sterling. The firm referred to is, of course, The Clarke Company, of which, I understand, Mr. W. M. Jackson and Mr. H. E. Hooper are the partners.

Mr. Seton Thompson, whose animal-books are gaining increasing popularity in this country, is publishing this autumn a new book, "The Lives of the Hunted," with many illustrations from his own pen. Mr. Seton Thompson is expected on an extended lecturing tour in this country in the near future.

Messrs. Nisbet's new and complete edition of "The Dolly Dialogues" deserves, and will surely have, a very large sale. I am not quite sure that the eminent American artist, Mr. Christy, has quite caught the ideal "Dolly," for he is somewhat restricted by the obsession of the inevitable "Gib-on" girl, but perhaps he has come as near it as possible. His men are, however, too utterly, utterly American. The get-up of the book is sumptuous.

o. o.

"LIVING LONDON."

With a full recollection of the vivid descriptions of certain phases of life in this great City published in the Nineteenth Century—Henry

Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor"; George Augustus Sala's "Twice Round the Clock," illustrated *à la* Doyle by William McConnell; and the six volumes of "Old and New London's" history prepared with loving care by Walter Thornbury and Edward Walford—I venture to think one and all these works will be eclipsed in interest by the comprehensive New Century Serial Mr. George R. Sims has undertaken to edit for Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited.

"Living London" is its title, and with the first Part on Oct. 23 will be issued a large Rembrandt Plate, "A Halt in Piccadilly," by Mr. Gordon Browne, R.I., R.B.A. It is a prodigious task that is before Mr. Sims. But few know London so well as he does. How warm a sympathy he has with the waifs and strays of Modern Babylon may be traced in "How the Poor Live." How he can penetrate into the innermost heart of the lives of the heavily laden was demonstrated many years ago in an earnest, eloquent lecture I heard him deliver in the East-End on "The Poetry of Poverty."

But the brightness and gaiety of the Metropolis will also be mirrored

in "Living London." As Mr. Sims says in his antithetical prologue, "All forms and phases of London life, from the highest to the lowest, will be brought before us. For us the gates of the palace and the prison will fly open, and the West and the East will alike deliver up their mysteries. We shall see the people at their work and at their play; we shall mingle with the coronetted crowd at the Court of the King; we shall stand among the tattered outcasts who wait for admission at the workhouse gates; we shall stroll through the great world of London as it wakes with the dawn; we shall wander through its highways and its byways at the darkest hour of night."

In fine, "Living London" will be a book for every library.



AFTER THE REVELS: A SCENE IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

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MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER,
THE "BOLD, BAD BEAUTY," KARA GLENESK, IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

GREAT BIRMINGHAM WELSH WATER-WORKS.

AND HOW TO VISIT THEM.

THE site of the Birmingham Welsh Water scheme, which forms the greatest engineering work under construction in this country, and is likely to remain so until it is completed, three or four years hence, is situated in one of the gems of Central Wales scenery. In the Session of 1892, the Corporation obtained a Bill authorising it to



GREAT BRIDGE BY WHICH THE AQUEDUCT CROSSES THE SEVERN
AT BEWDLEY.

acquire the lovely valleys of the little rivers Elan and Claerwen, tributaries of the Wye, in order to form a gathering-ground, covering an area of 45,560 acres, for six lakes or reservoirs, giving a total storage capacity of 10,860,000,000 gallons. The district is situated half in Radnorshire and half in Brecknockshire, and lies seventy-five miles due west of the capital of the Midlands. Rhayader, a small market-town on the Cambrian Railway, between Moat Lane and Three Cocks Junction, is the nearest station to the head of the works, situated three miles away; but, as Rhayader is only a poor little place, tourists and others who may be spending their holidays in Wales should note the information that the Central Wales watering-places, of which Llandrindod Wells is the head, form the most convenient headquarters for this enjoyable trip, blending amusement with instruction. In fact, between Llandrindod Wells and the head of the works in the Elan Valley, a distance of eleven miles, a regular service of brakes, coaches, &c., has been instituted during the summer months. The drive is a very charming one, and, after ascending the steep hill to the west of Rhayader, a magnificent panorama of the mountain gorges which are undergoing the process of being divided into veritable water-tight compartments by means of lofty masonry dams is obtained. The first halt should be made at the model labour-town of Elan, which forms the great store-dépôt for the works, and is peopled by the hundreds of navvies, quarrymen, masons, and engineers employed thereon. Elan is a model town in every sense of the word. The wooden house-blocks, laid out in streets, are specially designed, as the case may be, for the accommodation of single families or for the housing of a limited number of single men lodging with a married couple. In the latter case, each lodger has a cubicle and strong locker for his goods. There are baths and wash-houses, a fire-station, a police-station, a public assembly-room, a mission-chapel, a post-office, a splendidly equipped casualty hospital, and an isolated hospital on the

hillside above for the reception of infectious cases. Shops and stores also will be found, but there is no public-house. The sale of intoxicating liquors is under the control of the Corporation, who run a canteen on the Gothenburg principles. It should be added that no one is allowed to take up his abode in Elan until he has slept a night in a Municipal doss-house and subjected himself to a searching medical examination, accompanied by hot baths and a disinfecting process. Immediately above the village, which stands on the south bank of the Elan, the first of the six great dams is being built up, at a place called Caban Côch. This dam is destined to impound the waters of a lake whose surface will cover an area of 497 acres. In the centre of its bed occurs the confluence of the two rivers Elan and Claerwen, the first-named having descended in a valley from the north, while the latter comes down through a valley trending in a westerly direction. The Claerwen Valley will furnish three more reservoirs, of respectively 148, 269, and 244 acres in extent, while that of the Elan will give another two, of 124 and 217 acres. The formation of these lakes carries with it the inundation of hundreds of meadows and acres of wood and dell, and the preparations for the same have already necessitated the destruction of farms, cottages, barns, one church and one chapel—the two last having been replaced by new edifices above water-line—and what was literally the bodily removal of an old burial-ground to a fresh resting-place.

Some idea of the Cyclopean masonry-work involved in the construction of the six dams may be estimated from the fact that the height of each averages over 100 feet above the river-bed, with a thickness at base of 120 feet, while none is shorter in length than 525 feet, and one stretches for 1052 feet. There is, however, another dam not included in the six. This is a submerged dam, which has been constructed across the valley forming the Caban Côch reservoir at a height 42 feet below the level of the Caban Côch dam. The practical effect of this submerged dam will be to form a lake within a lake, so as to allow the top slice of water to be drawn upon for compensation purposes by the towns and villages situated within a fixed radius of the route of the aqueduct. The latter is a separate undertaking, and deserves to rank by itself as another colossal engineering undertaking. Starting from a point close to the submerged dam at Careg-ddu, the aqueduct takes a bee-line across country for a distance of seventy-four miles, plunging *en route* into seventeen tunnels, of which the longest is four and a-quarter miles, and crossing the rivers Ithon, Wye, Teme, Severn, and Stour. The aqueduct will eventually possess six parallel lines of pipe in syphon, the diameter of each being forty-four inches, and in its ultimate capacity will convey to Birmingham, by gravitation alone, seventy-five millions of gallons per diem, as compared with forty millions supplied to Liverpool from Lake Vyrnwy, and fifty millions to Manchester from Lake Thirlmere. The estimated outlay on this gigantic and most skilfully planned undertaking amounts to seven millions sterling, which proves, at any rate, that Birmingham does not lack confidence in its future.

The important work by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., which is to be issued in a few days will be entitled "All the Russias." It contains travel-sketches and studies of contemporary conditions and prospects in the various dominions of the Czar. Mr. Norman has visited Russia four times in the last two years for the purpose of collecting material and photos for his illustrations.



A VIEW TAKEN AT THE SIDE OF THE GREAT SUBMERGED DAM OF CAREG-DDU.
THE CHURCH IS A NEW ONE, AND ONLY JUST CONSECRATED BY THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH, TO REPLACE A DERELICT EDIFICE.

From Photographs by H. G. Archer.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

NOW PLAYING MRS. PERRY AND LOOKING VERY CHARMING IN "ARE YOU A MASON?" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

(See "Musical and Theatrical Gossip.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.

At the present moment, Europe boasts of only one bachelor King, and it is not too much to say that on him all those Roman Catholic



SEVILLE: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO.

Princesses who are also mothers of daughters have their eyes eagerly fixed, the more so that it is rumoured His Most Christian Majesty is about to start on a grand tour in search of a suitable bride. Should he do so during the next winter and spring, it is almost certain that this country will be included, for, although Alfonso cannot hope to find a Roman Catholic Princess among our late revered Sovereign's descendants, he is known to cherish the most warm feelings of admiration for Edward VII, and he would undoubtedly receive a great ovation were he to spend even a few brief days in London or Windsor.

A ROYAL ATHLETE.

Notwithstanding the fact that Alfonso XIII. was, as an infant and as a child, very delicate, he is a splendid swimmer and a fearless rider—indeed, he is in quite a peculiar sense devoted to horses, and he is said to have a wonderful power of managing them by firmness and kindness combined. Riding is his favourite form of exercise, for, like most Spaniards, he does not at all care for walking, and cannot understand why so many Englishmen, when visiting Spain, spend hours of their time in pedestrian exercise. The Royal stables are most perfectly kept, for, as a girl, the Queen-Regent was a first-rate horsewoman, having been taught riding by the late Empress of Austria. Curiously enough, the young King does not often take out the same horse two days running.

THE YOUNG KING'S MARVELLOUS PALACES.

The world is always being told something of the marvels of German and Russian Royal Palaces; few Royal residences in Europe can, however, compare with the King of Spain's many splendid homes. Of these, undoubtedly the most remarkable,

though not the most beautiful, is the famous Escorial, the "Gridiron Palace," as it has been called. This is one of the few European Royal dwellings built of granite; it may be said to have been one of the most important life-works of Philip II., the mediæval Nero who by a single edict sentenced over three millions of people to death. The Escorial, which is a monastery as well as a Palace, was built in honour of St. Lawrence; hence its very curious form and name. Under the Chapel is the Pantheon of the Spanish Royal Family, for there all young Alfonso's ancestors repose in splendid tombs. This fact must have a curious effect on a young, sensitive Sovereign, who thus has his own burial-place always near to him at work and play.

ENCHANTING ARANJUEZ.

Aranjuez is certainly the favourite home of the King of Spain and of his mother and sisters. It is there that they spend the early summer, and in the beautiful grounds of the Palace Alfonso learnt to walk, to bicycle, and last, not least, to ride. While at Aranjuez the King is able to spend far more time in the open air than is possible in Madrid, and it was there that he spent his convalescence after his one serious illness, that which occurred ten years ago. It was about this time that, in order to please her young son, the Queen-Regent first organised the National Costume Festivities and Dances which now take place each year when the Spanish Court is in the country. When not at Aranjuez, the King undoubtedly never enjoys himself so much as during the height of the summer at San Sebastian, where the Royal marine villa is the private property of the Queen-Regent. San Sebastian may be called the Osborne of Spain, for it is not in any sense a State Royal residence, though some notable events have taken place there, including the reception by the young King of the Moorish Embassy. There is no



ARANJUEZ: THE ROYAL PALACE FROM THE GATE OF THE GARDENS.

doubt that these yearly sojourns at San Sebastian have done much to strengthen Alfonso XIII., but it is an open secret among those who compose his Court that he prefers the stately Spanish Palaces in which his own ancestors dwelt, and he has even gone so far as to say that he intends to spend his honeymoon in the glorious old Castle at Seville!

THE FUTURE QUEEN?

As will be easily understood, all sorts of Princesses—German, Austrian, Russian, and last, not least, French—have been suggested as probable brides for Alfonso XIII., who, by the way, will not be sixteen till next May, but in Spain it is quite usual for a youth to become a husband at eighteen. The King's choice is strictly limited to Roman Catholic Princesses or to a Princess who will consent to become Roman Catholic on her marriage. It has been pointed out, with some show of reason, that an admirably suitable bride would be the youngest sister of the Queen of Portugal, the bright-faced, merry little Princess Louise of Orleans. The fact that she is nearly three years older than the King would not, from the Spanish point of view, be a misfortune. In Austria there are numberless marriageable Arch-duchesses, but it is hinted that in Spain they would prefer a French Queen to one who shared the nationality of the Regent.



THE ESCURIAL PALACE AND MONASTERY.

From Photographs by J. Laurent and Co., Madrid.

Mr. E. J. O'B. Croker, General Manager of the Cork, Bandon, and South Coast Railway, has left Queenstown for a holiday trip to the United States,

KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN AS A SOLDIER.



KING ALFONSO ABOUT TO START FOR THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES.



KING ALFONSO AND COLONEL LARIGA IN THE CARO DE CAMPO.

SCENES FROM THE DAINTY COMIC OPERA, "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

From Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



*"Quell your heart's unruly throb,"
Says the Reverend William Schwabb.*



*If your husband has a whim to observe an ankle trim,
You could safely humour him—What say you, dear?*

THE BARON AND BARONESS DE TREGUE (MR. MAURICE FARKOA AND MISS EDNA MAY).



Kitty Grey (Miss Evie Greene). The Baron de Tregue.

The Baroness de Tregue.

THE BARONESS CATCHES HER HUSBAND MAKING LOVE TO KITTY GREY IN KITTY'S DRESSING-ROOM AT THE THEATRE.



MISS EDNA MAY

IN THE BECOMING BATHING-GOWN THAT SHE WEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W

SOME SPORTSMEN: MAJOR MARKHAM.

I DO not know where the Major found his title, and am inclined to believe that he shares my ignorance. He does not figure in the Army List, and, though I have not seen him for some time, I do not think he has placed his sword at the service of his country in South Africa. Though he has given me to understand that war has no terrors for him, I am inclined to believe that it is equally lacking in attractions. He wages war against grouse, partridge, pheasant, and ground-game; his enemies would say that he wages war against his fellow-men too.

Some few years ago, an advertisement in a sporting paper informed all and sundry that there was room for a fourth gun on a shooting in Scotland, quoted moderate terms, and demanded the highest references. A man whom I know slightly, young, moneyed, and unsuspecting, applied to join, and had an interview with Major Markham, who was the advertiser. Strangely enough, the Major's two friends, one an Earl, the other a foreign Count, had been prevented at the last moment, and since the Major advertised, from fulfilling their engagement. "Deuced annoying, don't you know, sir, to leave a gentleman in the lurch like this!" said the Major. In the end, my acquaintance decided to take a share in the shooting, and introduced two of his own friends, each

In the following summer, I saw an advertisement in the same paper worded very similarly to the one that had attracted the three innocents in the previous summer, and out of idle curiosity I answered it. I was not mistaken. Major Markham replied and appointed a meeting at his Club, a huge caravanserai not one hundred miles from Charing Cross, where all sorts and conditions of men are to be found. By an odd coincidence, the Major had been disappointed again. One of his friends, an Irish Peer, who, as I learned afterwards, does not shoot, was prevented at the last moment, and another man, a Colonial official, was unable to come to England, as the Colonial Office positively could not spare him from his post. The Major gave me to understand that he himself was a man of high social standing, that many sportsmen were anxious to join him, but he was so particular that they did not suit him. Finally, he thought that, if I would give him references, the matter might be arranged. I went away, and dropped man and matter politely; the Major persevered, and finally secured three men who paid between them some hundred and fifty pounds more than the rent of the place. I found out afterwards that he spoke quite truly when he said that several people were anxious to join him and he had refused their application. He told at least two men that the party was complete before he told me it was broken up, the truth being that he had no desire to admit men



A GROUP OF FAIR-TOREADORS AT THE Gaiety Theatre.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

suffering from extreme youth, who took the shares vacated by the Major's friends. So keen was the Major, so very strong upon the question of references, that the three younger men never thought of asking him for any. His grand manner disarmed suspicion. When he wasn't talking of sporting dukes, he was telling anecdotes of sporting millionaires; while his shooting experience ranged from Central African lions to North American bison.

August arrived, the trio left London together to join the Major on the moors. They found the lodge a comfortable one, and Mrs. Major Markham installed as hostess. The Major had forgotten to mention her. She proved to be a smart, bright lady, with a talent for entertaining. The sport was excellent; the Major proved himself a first-class shot, with a thorough knowledge of country life. I had a letter from one of the party telling me what a good fellow the Major was, and how his wife could kill her grouse as neatly as he could, played divinely, sang as well as she played—and would even take a hand at poker, though she didn't care for cards. The last line set me thinking, and when I met one of the party in the later year, I asked a few casual questions that led him to confess that he and his two friends lost five or six hundred pounds between them to the Major and his charming wife. I did not suggest, nor did the speaker, that the money was not fairly won, but I know something of the place taken by the Major, and know that the three men who shot with him paid between them more than the season's rent, without reckoning their card losses.

who might not be profitable companions or seemed to know too much for a quiet party. He wanted young men who, while they might be fair shots, would also be fair targets for the practices by which he lived.

In real life there are few villains and few saints; men and women are saint and sinner in turn. I know now that Major and Mrs. Markham spend half their life on the Continent—in Italy for the greater part of the half-year—and that in the late summer they descend upon London and fish with unvarying success for inexperienced youths who have money and want shooting. B.

EARL'S COURT: ONLY TEN DAYS MORE!

In ten days' time, according to present arrangements, the glories, frivolities, and delights of Earl's Court Exhibition will be over until next year. The chute will cease from shooting, the switchback leave off switching, and the Big Wheel revolve no more. So hurry up, ye young men and maidings, old men and children, for the winter is long and the nights are drear, and it doesn't do to be out very much in the London fogs. On the opposite page you will find two photographs of the "Canton River" as realised at Earl's Court. If you haven't taken the trip, take it at once, ere it be too late and the waters no longer flow between those picturesque banks and imposing scenes. Buck up, one and all!

A "SIDE-SHOW" AT EARL'S COURT:

A TRIP ON THE CANTON RIVER.





[Drawn by Frank Reynolds.]

AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: HOW THE SCOTCH TAKE THEIR PLEASURES.



[Drawn by John Hassall.]

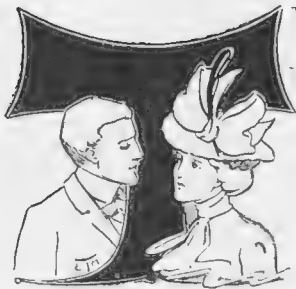
THE CHRISTIAN IN LONDON.

THE REV. THAME (after the fourteenth blow with the umbrella) : Can you tell me, Madam, if this 'bus passes a good glass-eye shop?

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MISS MAXWELL'S TRIUMPH.

BY M. M. COUPER.



TWO men sat in Courtney Thorpe's office—one, the manager himself; the other, Leonard Markwick, author of "A Passing Fancy," the play which Thorpe had just accepted.

"Then you approve of my engaging Gilbert Strangeways for 'James Sinclair'?"

"Oh, certainly!" The youthful author was so much gratified by this deference to his opinion that he found it difficult to maintain his man-of-the-world pose. As it happened, the manager had already settled the cast in his own mind, but he had a reputation for unequalled courtesy

to live up to. Consequently, he put another tactful question.

"Have you anyone in your mind's eye for 'Violet Trehearne'?"

At that innocent inquiry, the author, despite his five-and-twenty years, blushed.

"I had thought of Gertrude Maxwell," he ventured diffidently.

Thorpe nodded approvingly. "Odd we should have pitched on the same!" he remarked. "You know her, perhaps?"

"Not exactly, but I've met her at one of those charity shows. Don't you think she's the very woman to do 'Violet'?"

"The question is whether we shall get her," said Thorpe dubiously; "I believe Wilmot has offered her an engagement."

"But you said 'Violet Trehearne' was an out-of-the-way good part," said the author deprecatingly.

"So it is, my dear fellow, so it is; but that won't help us if she has already closed with Wilmot. However, I think I may be able to work it."

Gertrude Maxwell was one of those fortunate young women who reach the summit of the ladder of fame at a bound, instead of climbing thither laboriously, rung by rung.

Public opinion, however, differed as to Miss Maxwell's claim to her high position in the theatrical firmament. Some went so far as to assert that she possessed no qualification for her profession beyond a certain charm of manner which clung to her alike on and off the boards. Frankly, Miss Maxwell's face and personality were her fortune—a fortune which, having launched her successfully, went yet further and contrived in the majority of cases to disarm the hostility of hard-headed critics.

Two letters were handed to Courtney Thorpe the following day; their contents were respectively as follows—

DEAR COURTNEY,—What a 'cute chap you are! Of course, I accept, although it seems playing it a bit low down on the girl. Mind you, I haven't seen her for some time, and she may have transferred her affections meanwhile. I rather hope she has. You are sure to come out on top either way—you always do. By the way, who is your promising author? Never heard of him!—Yours ever,
G. STRANGWAYS.

DEAR MR. THORPE,—Many thanks for your note. I had not come to terms with Mr. Wilmot, so am at liberty to accept your offer to play Violet Trehearne in "A Passing Fancy."—Yours sincerely,
GERTRUDE MAXWELL.

P.S.—You are right in thinking I have already met Mr. Strangeways. We were in the same company about a year ago.

Courtney Thorpe smiled complacently over the postscript.

"I thought you would rise to that fly, Miss Gertrude Maxwell," he said.

"A Passing Fancy" shaped well, but as the first-night approached the author lost both his sleep and appetite, a state of things not entirely associated with anxiety as to the fate of his play. In addition, Markwick had fallen violently in love with Gertrude Maxwell, a fact sufficiently patent to all.

Gertrude's eyes, which were just the colour of speedwell, were responsible for causing Markwick to rush upon his fate the day before "A Passing Fancy" was to be produced.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Markwick, but it's quite impossible, quite."

Markwick grew white. "Someone else—I suppose?" he said jerkily.

"I wish there was!" said Miss Maxwell.

Markwick looked at her in bewilderment.

"It's like this," she said desperately. "Perhaps, if I tell you, it will make it easier for you to put me out of your mind; you will see that I'm not what you think. I love a man who doesn't care a rap for me. I accepted this engagement only to be near him, to see him, perhaps to touch his hand sometimes, or his sleeve. That is all I live for through each day, each long, weary day. Oh! you can't despise me more than I despise myself, but I can't help it—I can't."

"I understand," said Markwick gently.

Miss Maxwell's eyes filled with tears at the look which had come into his face.

"Don't make me feel I have spoilt everything for you," she murmured, "to-morrow."

"To-morrow? You mean the play? What does that matter?"

"It does matter. And you will forget me, indeed you will, if you try."

"Shall you forget?"

Miss Maxwell winced.

"Forgive me," said Markwick gently; "only, it's no use saying that. Time works miracles, and all the rest of it, but, if a cut goes deep enough, well—the scar stays. There! I've upset you—I'm such a clumsy fool. For Heaven's sake, don't cry; you'll hurt your eyes. Of course, you're right; I shan't give it a thought in a day or two, not a thought—"

He stumbled to the door like a man stricken with blindness.

Left alone, Gertrude Maxwell cried her speedwell eyes out.

On the following day, Markwick furtively took up a programme and endeavoured to realise that he was indeed the author of "A Passing Fancy." Until yesterday he had been well aware what was at stake—Thorpe's money, his own reputation. To-day he was equally indifferent to both.

In this frame of mind he ran up against Courtney Thorpe. "Buck up, old man!" said the manager cheerily. "Why, bless you! I should never have accepted it if I wasn't practically sure it would go. You'll see!"

"I hope so," murmured the author, and thanked his stars that Thorpe could not read his thoughts.

The house was crowded. The usual first-nighters were present, also the serried ranks of critics. The success of "A Passing Fancy" was never for a moment in doubt, and, moreover, the piece was a success on its own merits, apart from the marvellous acting of Gertrude Maxwell. Her scenes with the man whose passing fancy she had been were superlative, incomparable. Even the impartial countenances of the critics relaxed, and those who had hitherto declared themselves sceptical of her powers owned themselves converted. Incontestably Miss Maxwell had "arrived!"

"Superb acting!" volunteered a junior to old Wentworth of the *Paragon*. The veteran critic nodded cursorily, but his smile was enigmatical.

"Is it acting?" he muttered under his breath.

The curtain fell to that sweetest of all music in a manager's ears, unqualified applause. When Miss Maxwell was led before the curtain, first by Gilbert Strangeways, and again by the author, there was not a woman in the house but would have gladly changed places with her. Beauty and success were the gods' gifts to Gertrude Maxwell, an intoxicating combination. Markwick was as white as the flower in his buttonhole; the hand which held Gertrude's trembled; he had not yet raised his eyes above the roses on her breast.

"Lucky beggar!"

"He looks pretty seedy."

"Success doesn't seem to agree with him."

"Feeling the strain a bit, I should say."

"What a lovely woman she is!"

The applause thundered in Markwick's ears like the roaring of the sea. For years he had dreamt of this night, hungered for it, slaved for it! He wondered if the noise would ever lessen. Was he doomed to stare at those upturned faces for ever?

"What did I tell you, my dear fellow? Your name's made—made!" said the radiant manager.

Gertrude and Markwick had regained the comparative shelter of the wings. For the first time that night their eyes met.

Gertrude held out her hand.

"My best congratulations," she said. "It is a triumph."

"For us both," said Markwick grimly.

Under the rouge, Miss Maxwell's face had turned a queer grey colour, her lips smiled stiffly, and the blue eyes which were responsible for Markwick's undoing stared stonily, like the glassy orbs of a doll.

A fresh burst of applause rang out: Courtney Thorpe had stepped before the curtain and was making one of his inimitable little speeches, but the graceful sentences struck meaninglessly on Markwick's ears. "Appreciation—gratitude—Mr. Leonard Markwick—success," and with the last words Gertrude Maxwell fainted away.

A note was brought to Markwick later in the evening. "Come and see me to-morrow afternoon.—G. M.," said the faint pencil-scribble. The words sang unceasingly in his brain to the varied accompaniment of popping corks, the buzz of congratulations more or less sincere, and Courtney Thorpe's overflowing geniality.

When at last Miss Maxwell's door was opened to him, the scent of a thousand flowers met his nostrils: the hall was transformed into a veritable bower. One great cluster of orchids and lilies stood out from the rest; the card attached bore the name of Gilbert Strangeways. He was vaguely aware that the trim maid cast a look of disapproval at his white face with the black shadows under the eyes; she had evidently detected that he had not been to bed the previous night. As a matter of fact, he had preferred to sit in a chair with Gertrude Maxwell's note in his hand.

After the glare of the streets, the boudoir appeared to be in semi-darkness, but he knew instinctively that she was not there. On a table stood a huge basket of white roses, the only flowers in the room. The blood flooded Markwick's face for a moment, and then ebbed, leaving it paler than before. The flowers were those he had sent himself, but the words which trembled on his lips fled as Gertrude came in.

"I hope you are better?" was all he said.



[Drawn by Phil May.]

SONS OF THE SHAMROCK.

TIM: An' phwat sort of a cup moight it be that they're racin' for, Pat?
PAT: Shure, I'm thinkin' it 'll just be a 'Tay-cup.

"I am quite well to-day, thanks."

Miss Maxwell seemed ill at ease. She pulled a rose from the basket and sat down, twisting the flower about in her fingers.

"Have you seen the *Paragon*?" she said.

"Yes. Thundering rot! It's the way that fellow always writes."

"It's not rot; he's quite right. I'm not a great actress, and never should be. I want to tell you why I made such a 'hit' last night. I had overheard Mr. Thorpe say something to Gilbert Strangeways which told me that they both knew my secret, and further, that Mr. Thorpe had traded on his knowledge to procure my services. I could have struck them both down where they stood—it was too horrible! Now, you understand how it was I acted as I did. I could have said far more than the lines you had written; other words rushed to my lips—I don't know how I forced them back. When the piece was over, I felt I could not bear any more, but I never thought I should faint."

"I always knew Thorpe was a cad," said Markwick drily, "but I thought Strangeways was by way of being a gentleman. I must think how best to get you out of it."

"I knew you would help me. It doesn't really matter, I suppose, and yet it will be so hateful meeting them and feeling that they *know*. What fools girls are!" She laughed mirthlessly. "I thought him such a paragon!"

"There is one way out of it"—Markwick spoke very low and he did not look in her direction.

"Yes, yes?"

"If you could bring yourself to marry me, no one would think 'it odd if you left the stage. Many women do, and it need only be for the present. What I said the other day holds good for always, but I'll never worry you with a word of love. We would just be friends, don't you know, good friends." There was a pause. "Will you?"

"I will," said Gertie Maxwell.

There was a chorus of regret and lamentation when it became known that the beautiful Miss Gertrude Maxwell was about to leave the stage, on account of her approaching marriage with Mr. Leonard Markwick, and no one was louder in his entreaties to Miss Maxwell to reconsider her decision than Courtney Thorpe.

"You must be mad!" said the manager, who on occasion omitted to mince his words. "You have everything—youth, beauty, success; and, just as the world is at your feet, you deliberately give it up—for what?"

"For something I value more," said Miss Maxwell sweetly. "My mind is quite made up, Mr. Thorpe, so it is no use wasting your valuable time in arguing with me." And Courtney Thorpe recognised that he was defeated.

"There's more in it than meets the eye," he fumed to Gilbert Strangeways.

Strangeways blew a delicate ring of smoke heavenwards. "There mostly is," he said oracularly. "Don't excite yourself, my dear fellow. It's a mad world, and always will be while there's a woman left in it."

"He can't make it out, and asked me point-blank why I was giving up my career," said Gertrude, the next time she met Markwick.

"And what did you say?"

"I said I was giving it up for something I valued more."

The muscles of Markwick's face twitched momentarily. "It was good of you to put it like that," he said.

Gertrude laughed nervously. Her face all at once was aflame. She stretched out her hands to Markwick, but the blue eyes drooped. Markwick took the hands and held them fast.

"What is it, dear?" he said.

"Don't you know?" faltered Miss Maxwell. "Oh, why *will* you make me say it? It was—it was the truth!"

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER.

'Mid hazy light
Of coming night,
Our music but the rippling of the stream,
With gentle breeze
To fan the trees,
We drift along in pleasant twilight dream.

The rushes bend
And, mingling, blend
Their sighs with river flowers that gently weep;
The water's edge
Is lined with sedge
That, wrapped in rippling wavelets, falls asleep.

The wind is dead,
And every head
Of tree and flower is stilled at his decease.
On river's breast
We sink to rest
In hull of calm security and peace.

The sky is grey,
But, far away,
The new-born moon peers through a tiny rift:
A ray of light
Proclaims the night—
Yet still we linger on and drift, and drift.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Penny-in-the-Slot Vaccinators—Jenner-al Observations—Conservative Microbes and Socialist Lymphs—Vaccination and How to Do So—A "Taking" Way—Vaccination and Snobbery—Imaginary Vaccination.

THOUGH the small-pox scare has reached such a height that there are rumours of a penny-in-the-slot vaccinator and the issue of a new improved patent lymph in the form of a limited company, I hesitate to touch on so controversial a subject. People who agree on petty details like the European situation and the constitution of the Universe quarrel for life and assault each other on the calf-lymph question. One magistrate flatters the "objector" as a conscientious, thinking man following the dictates of reason instead of blind tradition.

Another talks to him as if he were arrested for a criminal offence, and, after insulting him during a degrading cross-examination on his past life and antecedents of a quarter of an hour, dismisses him with a caution. Workmen's children weak enough to catch small-pox are canvassed, put into statistics, examined, and lectured over as much as if they were Parliamentary voters in East Lanarkshire. Unfortunately, I do not hold a (paid) brief for either side, so my remarks shall be strictly impartial. Indeed, there is no subject in the world of which I know less, and that is saying something.

Nothing is so regrettable as to mix up politics and medicine, to talk of a Tory glycerine cultivation or a Liberal-Unionist lymph, and denounce any special microbe as Presbyterian or Ritualistic. It is as absurd to look on a man pitted with small-pox as a political outcast and reprobate as to imagine that he gains a social position and a standing in fashionable circles by having the influenza. Yet there are numbers of people who treat bovine tuberculosis and the Irish potato-disease as planks in the programmes of various Parliamentary Parties.

Where an epidemic like this occurs is all-important. In outlandish countries like China, Upper Burmah, or Tierra del Fuego, a malignant outbreak often strikes us as serving a beneficent purpose in reducing the idle surplus population, and, if the burial-fees are frequent enough, they ought almost to make a nation self-supporting. It is a sharp but merciful remedy for dangerous abuses. But the position is wholly altered with a small-pox scare in London. There are a hundred reasons why arguments which are sound and logical when applied to visitations in distant countries, and may even hold good in dealing with our own poorer districts, are utterly inapplicable to an epidemic in a neighbouring street. To allow it to spread is in all cases, without exception, scandalous and criminal.

What should be the geographical position on the body of vaccination marks? When adults are vaccinated on the arm, it has generally to be kept in a sling and is useless for days. Hence, some recommend being punctured in the leg, on the chest, or in other districts, and this, in those of the female persuasion, prevents the marks showing in evening-dress. But there are drawbacks. In a party with which I once travelled across the Russian frontier was a young lady who, when a child, had for some mysterious purpose been vaccinated between the shoulders. Owing to a small-pox scare the marks had to be shown. I remember it was a freezing night and a convincing sleet was coming down.

People have strangely overlooked the immense importance of the imaginative side of vaccination, but it is illustrated by a recent extraordinary incident on the West Coast of Africa during an epidemic of small-pox. Vaccination was made compulsory by the authorities, and at first, of course, any native submitting to it was expected to be stricken deaf and dumb by an infuriated deity, or to turn purple and explode, as is customary among savage peoples on the introduction of any scientific invention. However, neither of these unpleasant results happening, and the operation being found harmless and even agreeable, it rapidly grew so fashionable that it became *de rigueur* in the upper circles of aboriginal Society.

The lymph was at once canonised as a minor devil or daemon in the usual way, and made an object of public worship. A good deal of snobbery arose about it. Those niggers who "took" deliberately cut those who had to be re-inoculated, and, in general, assumed the airs of an exclusive aristocracy. So excessive was the demand thus created that the supply of lymph ran out and solutions of gum-arabic and indiarubber cement were injected instead.

Mark the effects of imagination. Those inoculated with these substances "took" as readily as if it had been calf-lymph, and were just as thoroughly protected from the disease! It has similarly happened that a man has trodden on a tin-tack in the jungle, and, under the impression that he has been bitten by a venomous snake, has developed all the symptoms of acute poisoning. I make a present of the above authentic incident to the faculty, as casting a lurid light on the value of vaccination statistics. It is an overwhelming argument for anti-vaccination.

HILL ROWAN.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD."

AN American who has never been in Chicago! That phrase gives a suggestive insight into the mental characteristics of Mr. Isaac Henderson, whose play, "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird," is being looked forward to with so much interest at Wyndham's Theatre to-morrow evening. If actions speak louder than words, then assuredly Mr. Henderson is European in temperament, seeing that for the best part of twenty years he has been living on this side of the Atlantic.

Rome in the autumn and winter, and London in the months when London is most beautiful, are the cities in which he chiefly lives, varied by an occasional trip to "the other side" to look after the interests which he still retains there. His apprenticeship to letters was served in that best of all possible schools—journalism, and New York journalism at that. He began on the New York *Evening Post*, which preserves all that is brightest in American journalism with all that is most dignified out of it. At that time, the *Evening Post* was the property of Mr. Henderson's father and Mr. William Cullen Bryant. Their partnership was unique in one respect, which showed the remarkable characteristics of the two men. For forty years they were in business together, and during the whole of that time they never had a difference of opinion, and the only contract between them was a verbal one. After having served in every department of the paper, Mr. Henderson, at about twenty-seven, was taken into the Board of Directors, in succession to his father, and there he remained for some ten years, during which he "worked like a dog," compressing into one decade the experience that falls to the lot of most men in twenty years. Then he sold his interest in the paper, determined to live the quiet life of a literary man rather than keep up the incessant toil of daily journalism. Accordingly, he went to Rome, where he remained some four years, and then, coming to London, he bought a house in "The Boltons," at the time when Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Miss Mary Anderson, and Madame Albani were among the chief residents there, and it is interesting to recall that Mr. Brandon Thomas now lives in that house. The house itself has been sung by Eugene Field, one of the most charming of American verse-writers, in a well-known poem, with the refrain, "Go, call on Isaac Henderson, 'The Boltons' 22." In time, the house in "The Boltons" was sold, and Mr. Henderson went back to his dearly loved Rome, where he has practically made his home ever since.

It was in Rome, in the spring of last year, that "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird" was written, and it is by no means improbable that there other plays will be evolved, for, in spite of his success as a novelist, Mr. Henderson is bound to admit that dramatic work is the form of literary expression which fascinates him more than any other, and he has another play on which he is practically ready to begin working.

The mere writing is a rapid process with him. It is the getting ready to write which takes a long time. Once at work, he writes in the morning and night, reserving his afternoons for bicycling or walking, and, when he is in England, attending football or cricket matches, according to the season. Watching these matches is, indeed, his greatest amusement, and it is the more curious since he has never played either game.

The play which is to be seen to-morrow night is not the first piece of work which the London stage owes to Mr. Henderson's pen. Playgoers cannot fail to remember his "Silent Battle," played some few years ago at the Criterion, in which Miss Olga Nethersole made her first great success. It was originally produced at a *matinée*, with a cast worth recalling, seeing that it included such names as Mr. Wyndham himself and Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Charles Fulton, and Miss Winifred Emery, and, when it was produced at the Criterion in the evening bill, Mr. Frank Worthing took the place of Mr. Waller, and Mr. Charles Somerset that of Mr. Fulton.

Personally, Mr. Henderson is a man of middle-height, with a strong physique, the blue, penetrating eye of the man who looks beneath the surface, and the broad, intellectual forehead of the man who is able to formulate what he sees.



MR. ISAAC HENDERSON.

AUTHOR OF "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING-BIRD," TO BE PRODUCED TO-MORROW NIGHT AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS,

whose welcome return to the stage has just been made as the young wife in "Are You a Mason?" at the Shaftesbury, has done much excellent work in the eleven or twelve years that have elapsed since she first embraced a histrionic career. As will be judged from her present appearance, this beautiful lady was very young when she thus found it necessary to take to the stage for a livelihood. Even in her earliest impersonations, however, Miss Matthews made marked successes, three of the most marked being achieved at the Comedy, namely, in "Nerves," "Jane," and "The New Woman." In the last-named play, one of the ever-smart Mr. Grundy's smartest, the fascinating picture of Ethel Matthews in dairy-maid gown and sun-bonnet still lingers in the memory of the present writer, and, indeed, in the memories of all who saw her. This bewitching lady's excellent work in later revivals of "Aunt Jack," "Mamma," and so forth, are matters of more recent moment. Miss Ethel Matthews, in addition to being one of the most beautifully formed, is likewise one of the most beautifully frocked actresses now upon the boards.

"THE SIN OF A LIFE."

It is presumed that the title has nothing to do with the work of the author writing the play, which is really a vigorous melodrama of rather old-fashioned type, handsomely mounted and presented by a remarkably strong company. Mr. Walter Reynolds, the author, has gone to "Ouida" for inspiration, and the famous novelist is bitterly expressing her indignation at what she deems her wrongs. It seems, however, that Mr. Reynolds made a business arrangement with the publishers of the novel before adapting it to the stage. "The Sin of a Life," if on the first-night a little overburdened with words, is an effective piece of frank melodrama, a branch of dramatic art severely hit by the disappearance of the Adelphi. However, the Princess's, swept and garnished, may well hold up for a while the sacred lamp to which it is at least as well entitled as the old Gaiety burlesque. It seems quite a long time since we have seen the Prince of Melodramatic Actors, Charles Warner, in a London bill, and, of course, when he appeared in the "Wanda" version of "Claude Melnotte," he had a splendid welcome. Mr. Cooper Cliffe was successful, and Miss Kate Rorke once more charmed everybody. The reappearance of Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, after too long an absence from the stage, of course gave unusual interest to the cast, and her intense, nervous acting naturally was of great value. One cannot, of course, deal with the whole of the capital cast which the enterprising Mr. de Jong has collected for his venture at the famous old playhouse, and yet it would be unfair to pass over Miss Janette Steer or to be silent concerning the charming Miss Jessie Huddleston, whose singing of "Robert toi que j'aime" gave, perhaps, the most agreeable moment of the evening.

THE NEW SAN TOY.

What a number of charming artistes have played the chief part in the Morton-Sidney-Jones piece, from Miss Marie Tempest, now devoted to real drama, to the latest, the irresistible Ada Reeve! Nothing could give a clearer idea of the run of the piece than the fact that during its life Miss Marie Tempest has become legitimate actress and manageress and produced two successes as well as a piece of moderate failure. Of course, Miss Ada Reeve is irresistible as the "rogue in Morton-China," and whether as San Toy the irresponsible girl-boy, or San Toy the dainty, lovelorn maid, her archness of style, her vivacity and inexhaustible life, keep the audience on the *qui-vive*, and, of course, her singing is full of tact as well as clear in expression and taste. On the occasion of her appearance some changes have been made, and, amongst others, there is a quaint little burlesque by Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Huntley Wright on the Japanese players who lately have bewildered London and are now fascinating Paris. Possibly some will find better entertainment in the burlesque than in the original. Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Fred Kaye are back again in the cast, which now is at what may be called its full strength, and the result is the play goes so gaily it seems likely to last for years to come; perhaps, even, it will rival "The Broken Melody," which was played for the 2391st time on the night when Ada Reeve first represented San Toy.

"SCROOGE."

One is tempted to say "A Merry Christmas!" to the new piece at the Vaudeville, founded by Mr. J. C. Buckstone on Dickens's famous "Christmas Carol," yet one can hardly be as unseasonable as the play. "Scrooge" can scarcely be intended to appeal as drama, but rather as a pleasant little piece of sentiment with no definite form of structure. In idea, of course, it reminds one of "A Message from Mars" with its story of the reformation of a man by means of a dream. Some skill is shown in treating the tale of Scrooge, the miser misanthrope who goes to sleep on Christmas Eve and dreams vividly of the ghost of his late partner. By the way, the ghost was rendered very horrible in appearance by means of casting a strong light on to Mr. Holbrook Blinn's elaborately painted, strong face, and some of the ladies gave a little gasp when they saw this death's-head, which, I fancy, will figure in the dreams of many of the audience. The little scenes exhibited to the sleeping miser are effectively managed, and one swallows with pleasure—and difficulty—the display of Christian spirit shown in them. Probably the principal matter in the affair is the performance of Mr. Seymour Hicks as Scrooge, a very clever, elaborate piece of work which would be better if a little restrained in humour and taken somewhat faster. The make-up is remarkably good, and the voice almost always handled very skilfully; but the groans and grunts and

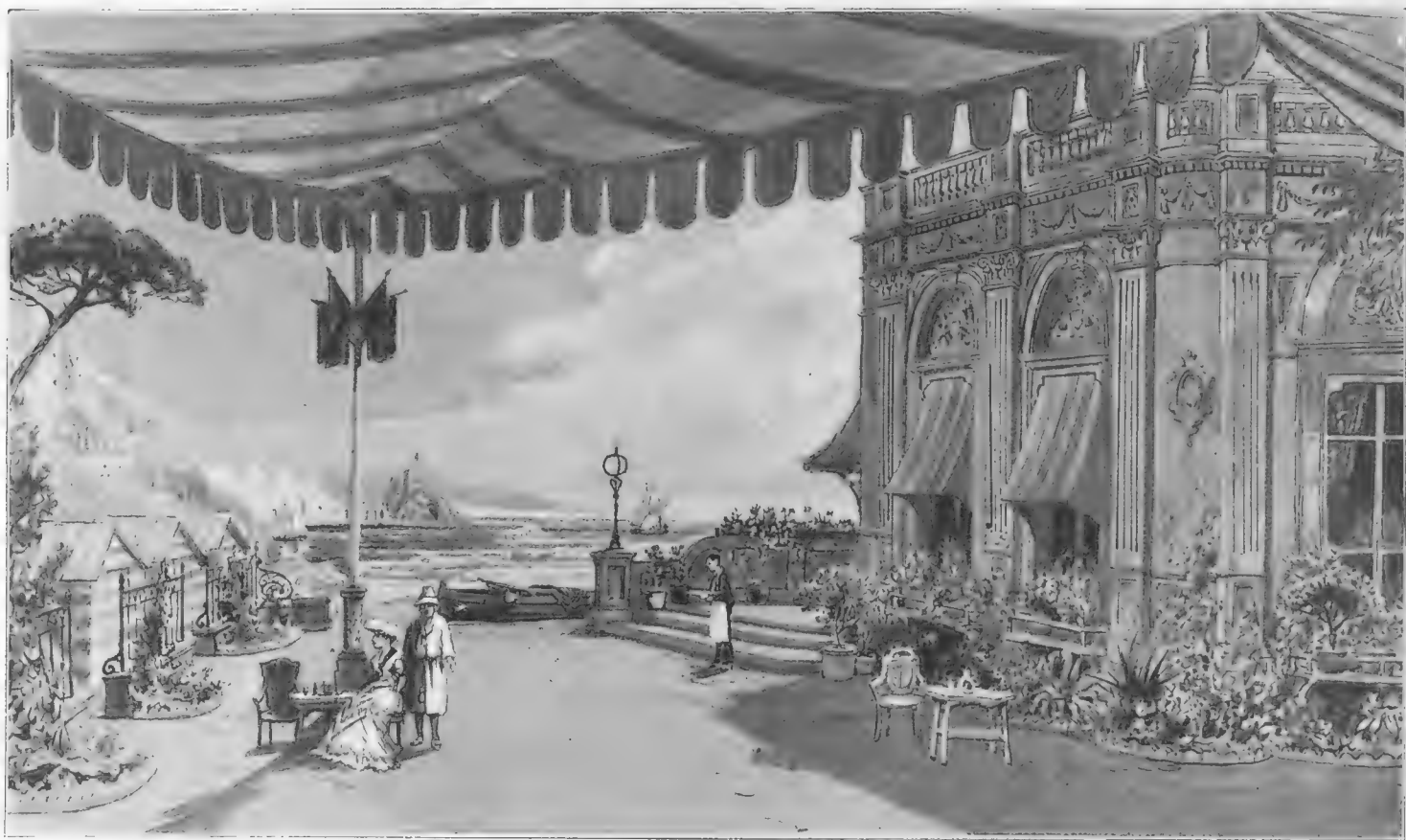
verse—and mostly excellent verse, too—but also edited many books of recitations arranged for social, temperance, Church, and Sunday School reciters. Mr. Langbridge, then signing himself "Alfred FitzMaurice King," wrote with the Rev. Freeman Wills a little French Revolution drama, called "An Old Song," meaning "La Marseillaise." This miniature drama was revived by Mr. Martin Harvey a year ago at the Prince of Wales's.

The above-named reverend playwrights' "Eugene Aram" drama is, so Mr. Martin Harvey lately assured me, to be tried during the present week at Mr. Fred Mouillot's fine playhouse,

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

It remains to be seen whether it will be an improvement upon the "Eugene Aram" poetic melodrama which the Rev. Mr. Wills's brother wrote for the then "Mr." Henry Irving for Lyceum use in what Mr. Clement Scott would call "the early 'seventies." That play was certainly not worthy of the writer of those great Irving successes, "Olivia" and "Faust."

Speaking of Mr. Clement Scott, it may here be mentioned that his lively—not to say sometimes lurid—little weekly, the *Free Lance*, is one year old this week. Mr. Scott celebrated this interesting anniversary by issuing yesterday (Tuesday) an excellent and varied Birthday



A BEAUTIFUL SCENIC EFFECT IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE. ACT III.—THE HOTEL AT BIARRITZ: SPECIALLY PAINTED BY MR. W. B. SPONG.

snöres during sleep are perilous. Mr. Holbrook Blinn was really impressive as the ghost, and Mr. Compton Coutts played excellently as the old clerk. Miss Daisy Thimm, too, deserves a word of praise. "Sweet and Twenty"—which follows "Scrooge"—admirably acted by the original Company, is one of the prettiest plays in town, and still seems full of life.

When Mr. Martin Harvey makes his welcome reappearance in London, starting at the Kennington Theatre next Monday, he will, I understand, haply present to Metropolitan playgoers the new "Eugene Aram" play which has been

WRITTEN FOR HIM BY TWO REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

namely, Mr. Freeman Wills and Mr. Frederick Langbridge. Mr. Wills (brother of the late poetic playwright, W. G. Wills) is the very hard-working Vicar of a large church in the poorest part of Finsbury—Sim Street, to wit. He is also a Volunteer Colonel, an all-round athlete, a provider of healthy pastimes among the hardest-working classes, and, indeed, he is a social reformer and general philanthropist on a very extensive scale.

THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

is Rector of St. John's, Limerick, and also a very hard-working and much-beloved pastor. Before he took holy orders, Mr. Langbridge was the present writer's colleague as a verse-writer on *Pan*, when it was under the ever-kindly but ever-able guidance of the Messrs. Dalziel. Just before that, Mr. Langbridge was even guilty of a burlesque or two, produced and published in due course. After he had gone into the Church, the reverend playwright not only poured forth volume upon volume of

Number teeming with congratulatory wires, articles, and so forth, from all sorts and conditions of eminent personages.

Now that Mr. Tree is back at Her Majesty's, where he revived his magnificent production of "Twelfth Night" on Monday, he will actively rehearse Mr. Clyde Fitch's American-made, English-history drama,

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

This play will, says Mr. Tree, be presented by him during the last week in October. The up-river scenery and the early Victorian costumes are to be of a most costly and beautiful character.

At the moment of writing, it seems likely that Mr. Frank de Jong's next venture at the Princess's will be a revival of Messrs. Sims and Shirley's long-popular adaptation,

"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

The contracts have not at this present been actually signed, but everything points to this arrangement being speedily ratified.

MR. W. B. SPONG.

All visitors to that delightful comic opera at the Apollo Theatre "Kitty Grey," have been charmed with the artistic setting of the piece. It is, therefore, with very great pleasure that I reproduce herewith Mr. W. B. Spong's original design for the Biarritz scene in the first Act. Mr. Spong, by the way, is the father of the charming Miss Hilda Spong, whose portraits have appeared from time to time in *The Sketch*, and who is now touring in America with "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," and playing the name-part.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Pleasures of Lane-Riding—Rural London—The "Boom" of the Free-Wheel—The Expert's Difficulty—The Cause of Inefficiency in Lamps—The Lamp-Buyer's Penny-Wise-Pound-Foolish Policy—The "C.T.C."

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 9, 6.19; Thursday, 6.17; Friday, 6.15; Saturday, 6.12; Sunday, 6.10; Monday, 6.8; Tuesday, 6.6.

At the present time of the year there is no more pleasant form of cycling than lane-riding. It is doubtful if there is any country in the world so richly endowed with beautiful lanes and by-roads as this England of ours, and, as a rule, one has only to go a few miles from any centre to reach the most charming of rural surroundings—providing always that the crowded high-road is left for the comparative seclusion of the lane or byway. There are very many quaint and historical spots to be visited just off the main-road; the lanes are in autumn at their best, and the relief from the crowded turnpike, with its all-too-frequent recurrence of rows of modern villas, its garish, "up-to-date" hotels, and its many frequenters by "bike" and horse-vehicle, is appreciable to all who care to see the country for the country's sake.

London is particularly fortunate in being surrounded by a most charming country-side, intersected by numerous lanes. In fact, one has to go only a short distance from town to get into the most sylvan and rural of environment; but, to do this, one must leave the high-road and plunge into leafy lane and byway. To the south-west of London there is a most beautiful country lying between the six-mile radius and a circle embracing Reigate, Dorking, Leatherhead, Cobham, Weybridge, and Chertsey—too little known by the highway rider. What one might almost call suburban Kent is equally beautiful, anywhere south-east of Croydon and Bromley to Westerham, Otford, Lullingstone, and the Valley of the Dart. Within a radius of twenty miles of London there are some hundreds of miles of the most picturesque lanes in the kingdom, and, as one who has tried lane-riding with a great enjoyment, I recommend it to all followers of the sport.

Bicycle manufacturers estimate that, in the demand for wheels next year, ninety per cent. of the production will be fitted with a free-wheel device of some kind or another, and the remaining ten per cent. will consist of machines for racing-men and those who are anti-free-wheel. With the exception of the pneumatic-tyre, no invention of the past twelve years has created such a change in cycling, and been so beneficial to the industry, as the free-wheel, and yet, curious as it may seem, it is one of the oldest of cycling devices, being fitted to the earliest forms of triecyle long before the rear-driving safety-bicycle was thought of. In those days it was called the "ratchet gear," and was usually fitted to carrier-triangles for tradesmen. Strange how, after all these years, an invention like this, comparatively shelved by manufacturers, should become almost an essential to pleasurable cycling.

The perfect cycle-lamp has yet to be invented—the lamp which will always burn brightly, which will not smell, which will not rattle, which will not exude oil at the pores, and which will not convert itself into a miniature resemblance of the inside of a smoky chimney. The devices which have been put upon the market in order to get near the desired end have been without number; but, really, we are little better off than in the days when the only cycle-lamp weighed three or four pounds and hung from the hub of the high bicycle. The incessant demand for lightness prevents lamp-makers from achieving the nearest to perfection which possibilities in manufacture allow. Most of the lamps now in use are little better than toys, weigh only a few ounces, and are regular rattle-traps after a few days' use.

It is not everybody who can become accustomed to the free-wheel. The best "free-wheelers" are those who have never ridden the fixed

gear, and the very worst of free-wheelers are those who have ridden the bicycle for many years and have become expert. The reason is not far to seek. A few years ago, brakes were very little used, and riders controlled the pace of their machines by back-peddalling. Back-peddalling became an art and an instinct, and it is very difficult to get out of a habit which has been brought to perfection by years of unconscious practice. Consequently, when the expert cyclist rode his first free-wheel machine, he was, to put it nautically, "all at sea." Instinct told him to back-pedal in moments of danger, but back-pedal he could not: he had to grope for brakes which for many years had been as strangers to him, and he anathematised the free-wheel very freely.

It is a strange anomaly in human nature that man will pay fifteen to twenty-five guineas for a bicycle and fit it out with the cheapest and commonest accessories procurable. I am told that there is a growing tendency on the part of purchasers to insist upon the dealer throwing in the lamp and bell free of charge. The consequence is, the purchaser gets only the commonest of common accessories, which cause him endless trouble, and often, through failure, bring him within the pale of

the law. Good lamps and good bells should be part and parcel of good bicycles, and the old saw which concerns the ship and the ha'p'orth of tar never had a more applicable meaning than in this category.

I am glad to learn that the Cyclists' Touring Club, which is the premier cycling organisation in this country, is recovering some of its lost membership. The "C.T.C." has done some excellent work on behalf of cyclists generally, and its members particularly, during the past; and, although the necessity for its existence may not be so urgent as in those days when "The Man on the Wheel" was harassed by the all-and-sundry, it still exercises considerable influence. There are many who take exception to the administrative policy of this Club; but, cavillers apart, the "C.T.C." has been the nucleus of all the influence which has been brought to bear upon those who have sought to rule the cyclist with autocratic rule. There is yet so much to be done in the cause of cycling freedom that it would be a pity if this organisation were to decline through lack of support.

R. L. J.



MISS MOLLIE LOWELL, OF THE LYRIC THEATRE. DURING BUSINESS HOURS, MISS LOWELL REPRESENTS A FAIR INHABITANT OF VENUS IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Kempton.

There should be a huge gathering at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday, when some capital racing will be seen. The feature of the opening day will be the race for the Kempton Park Stakes, distance one mile and a-half. I think the Stakes will be won by Santoi, who has been specially saved for the race. At the same time, the Derby winner may go very close, and I should expect him to easily beat both William the Third and Doricles, for I cannot swallow his form at Doncaster and Hurst Park. There may be a big field for the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, as owners dearly love to see their colours carried at Kempton, where, by-the-bye, the betting is always good. Many good judges think that the race will go to Sam Darling by the aid of Revenue, but I shall plump for Caiman, who was very unluckily beaten in the Jubilee Stakes by Santoi. It is intended to give Maher the mount on Caiman, and the American jockey, having recovered from his recent illness, is at the top of his form just now. If started, Alvescot is almost sure to get a place, but this horse may be kept for the Cambridgeshire. The Newmarket men of observation think that King's Courier will go close at Kempton.

Lord Marcy.

Lord Marcus Beresford, who acted so promptly in the L. Reiff case, is a good judge of racing and riding, and he should know something of the doings of jockeys, seeing that for some time he was Official Starter to the Jockey Club. Lord Marcus is, as I have before stated, a member of the tooth-pick brigade. When standing, he puts his walking-stick across his back, between his two arms. He is one of the greatest wits on the course, and his funniest impromptu was made after seeing a guide-book fall from the stands on to a gentleman's head. Lord Marcus said, "That's what you McCall Ruff." Lord Marcus once contributed an article on sport to a weekly paper, and he can write as well as he rides. Lady Marcus Beresford takes a great interest in cats and cat-shows, and she owns some of the choicest cats in England. It should be noted that Lord Marcus Beresford has taken the liveliest interest in the doings of Reginald and Herbert Jones, the sons of his old trainer, Jack Jones, of Epsom. The boys are as alike as two peas. They should shine as jockeys in the near future.

Hats.

Some of the gentlemen who follow racing wear funny headgear. Lord Falmouth goes in for top-hats of a horsey pattern, and Sir J. Blundell Maple often affects the Müller cut-down pattern. Lord Carnarvon generally wears a white bowler that is much too small for his head. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild often wears a top-hat of the recognised shape, but he looks much better in a black bowler. Lord Marcus Beresford affects the Alpine, and they suit him, too. Sir G. Chetwynd always wears an Alpine hat. Lord Lurgan, with his fair, curly hair, looks well in a bowler, but not in a top-hat. The Duke of Devonshire is a failure in a top-hat, and, strange to say, his trainer, Richard Marsh, looks very fit with a "boxer" on. Some few owners, notably the Earl of Dunraven and Lord Wolverton, have been seen on the racecourse wearing yachting-caps, while His Majesty the King, when Prince of Wales, once attended the Goodwood Meeting in full yachting-suit, and he looked remarkably well decked out as a sailor, too. I venture to remark that His Majesty looks better in a white Alpine hat than he does either in a black bowler or a top-hat. Prince Christian looks well in a bowler, but the Duke of Cambridge looks best in a top-hat, as he is too tall for the bowler.

Lord Rosslyn.

According to rumour, Lord Rosslyn is very anxious to raise £10,000 with a view to breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. His Lordship will have some difficulty in convincing the public that there is millions in his scheme, and I take it that the task in front of him is just about as tough a one as when he attempted to break the ring in England. By-the-bye, some years ago, I had a very bad sequence of losers with my "napped" selections, and I discovered, some months afterwards, that two Peers of the Realm had been plunging on them. I do not suggest for a single instant that their Lordships brought me bad luck, but the fact remains that the horses went down regularly when the Peers referred to plunged on them. But Lord Rosslyn's case was different. I believe he was following my "naps" when I "starred" his horse, Buccaneer, for the Great Ebor Handicap, and, as a consequence, he won a great deal more than he otherwise would have done over the victory of his own horse. Another well-known owner whose horse won the Northumberland Plate some years back won £500 more than he bargained for over his own horse. He had a big sum on my "nap," and found out late in the day that I had "starred" his horse, which, by-the-bye, won at a short price.

Telegrams.

We are not to have fourpenny telegrams, and I, for one, am not sorry, as the wires are worked right up to their full capacity at the present time, and cheaper telegrams would mean a whole shoal of cheap tipsters starting with offers to supply their golden, never-to-be-beaten finals by wire at eightpence a time. The cheapest—I do not say the best—tipster I have ever met is the immortal Roberts, who sells the "winners" of the double-event bet for the exorbitant sum of one penny, and, seemingly, Roberts has a number of

followers of the British-workman order. But even Roberts is eclipsed by the butter-scotch man who gives a lump of pure Doncaster and "the two first winners" for a penny. The very latest order of tipster is the tipster owner, who runs his horses in the interests of the public who put him on the odds to a pound or half-a-crown, as the case may be. The tipster owner is in the position of being able to back two or three other horses in the race with his own money, knowing that, if his animal wins, he is on a good sum to nothing.

Apprentices.

The apprentice allowance is worth having. This was proved by the rush of owners for the services of H. Aylin before he had finished his twelvemonth in which he claimed the allowance. Of the boys entitled to claim the 5 lb. allowance in handicaps, Hardy is one of the best. He is an apprentice to Tom Jennings, the King of Jockey Tutors. Gibson, who is stationed at Michel Grove, is a very promising boy, and M. Aylin, a younger brother of H. Aylin, is useful. Saunders, Smyth, Large, Peart, Barrett, Griggs, and Bott are a few that should get plenty of riding. I think there should be an age-limit in the matter of apprentice allowances, or we may see a repetition of the case in which a man named Edwards was allowed to claim the allowance when he rode a winner of the Stewards' Cup in the colours (I think) of Lord Gerard. The American jockeys are bound to hold their own with us for some two or three years to come, but after that our boys will have completed their education in the latest methods of riding. Then we should be able to hold our own against all comers.

CAPTAIN COE.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS FOR AUSTRALIA.

Good wishes, we know, can have very little effect in the case of cricketers. Were it otherwise, the success of Mr. Archie MacLaren's team during Australia's next cricket season would be great indeed. The

Omrah, which left Tilbury Docks on Sept. 27, is now well on her way, yet the enthusiastic send-off must still dwell pleasantly in the minds of those who are to represent England on the Colonial cricket-fields. Their names are as follows: Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Captain (Lancashire), Mr. G. L. Jessop (Gloucestershire), Mr. H. G. Garnett (Lancashire), Mr. A. O. Jones (Notts), Mr. C. McGahey (Essex), Mr. C. Robson (Hampshire), Hayward (Surrey), W. G. Quaife (Warwickshire), Tyldesley (Lancashire), Lilley (Warwickshire), Blythe (Kent), J. Gunn (Notts), Braund (Somerset), and Barnes (Lancashire). It cannot be said of this team that it is fully representative. At the



MR. A. C. MACLAREN, WHO IS TAKING OUT A CRICKET TEAM TO AUSTRALIA.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

same time, it will be admitted that it is one of excellent character. In batting it is likely to achieve much distinction, and if Mr. Jessop should prove capable of showing his best form he will immensely please cricket-lovers in Australia, who are as fond as most people of that vigorous kind of cricket of which the Gloucestershire Captain is so admirable an exponent. Unless the climate exercises a prejudicial influence, the fielding of the team should be of the best, and this is a most important matter. Bowling is the weak point, but even in this respect there is hope, for, if reputation counts for anything, Barnes may be expected to do well, especially as he is an unknown quantity to Australian cricketers.

A TIP FOR SMOKERS.

In connection with the "Downshire" Mixture, smokers should note three distinct points in its favour. In the first place, it is neither flavoured artificially nor sweetened; secondly, it has a character and flavour of its own distinct from other mixtures; thirdly, it is sold at a very moderate price. The "Downshire" Mixture is manufactured by Messrs. Allen and Wright, 217, Piccadilly, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

SOMEONE said somewhere that all men desire old age and grumble at it when it comes, and the epigrammatist was to a certain extent, perhaps, justified of his wisdom. To the rushed and hurried denizen of cities, the rest that retirement promises holds certain charms, if uncertain and problematic drawbacks. But, with women, how



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING-GOWN OF PINK CHIFFON AND BLACK LACE.

otherwise is the insidious creeping-on of years regarded! Our taste for life, with its unending variety, its ever-recurring surprises, its pleasures, schemes, hopes, is as eager as ever. Yet the first streak of grey in the hair, the first little line from lip to nostril, the first crow's-foot drawn around the eye, is a tragedy in the life of every woman. It shuts the door on comeliness and opens it to cosmetics—a parting of the ways, indeed, which, with all its inclusive consequences, must ever remain a mystery to man. “The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew” is, after all, a mere matter of athletics, and one that most women, except the very early-rising, would let go by without regrets. But “the heart less bounding at emotion new,” to borrow another line from the versifier, that is quite another matter with the sentimental sex, to whom the art of attractiveness is a First Commandment and the power of commanding admiration a first condition of happiness. I speak, of course, not of the best women, nor even the second-best, perhaps. But the proportion of those who rise superior to vanity composes the minimum more than ever in a generation, like the present, which is distinguished principally for the youthfulness of its grandmothers and the cultivation of the cicisbeo by its chronically irresponsible mammas. The hysterically gay and golden-haired young creature at sixty, which abounds nowadays as the product of an hysterical age, neither desires nor owns the “judgment, authority, reticence, and freedom from personality” which Balliol’s great Master used to lay down as the symbols and signs which

should distinguish that time of life; while as for our mothers, they are so irrepressibly kittenish that grown-up daughters become a standing reproach and are either kept unduly in the background or married off as quickly as possible to the first-comer. Anything to get them out of the way, in fact.

All this, meanwhile, is wide of the present mark, which is clothes, clothes, and still more clothes, most people being in that pleasant position of having used up summer garments and being still unpossessed of ideas on autumn outfits pending their return to town. I hear on all sides that Peter Robinson’s sale of Howell and James’s drapery stock was not marked by the repose which characterises Vere de Vere. It has been variously set forth as a free-fight, a bear-garden, and an Irish fair. I am glad not to have passed that way. But it must have been an occasion of interest, nevertheless, more especially over such episodes as that of the four fat matrons who simultaneously laid violent hands on the “Queen’s black silk” and refused to be parted therefrom, notwithstanding the plaintive expostulations of a perspiring shopman.

Of a different order, though not less attractive, is the sale proceeding at the Ideal Officers’ Quarters at Earl’s Court Exhibition, where all the artistic and exquisite furniture, electric fittings, and other *objets d’art* generally which made up this famous exhibit are now being disposed of at merely nominal prices. Here, therefore, is an opportunity for the connoisseur or “young couple” alike of adding to their household gods



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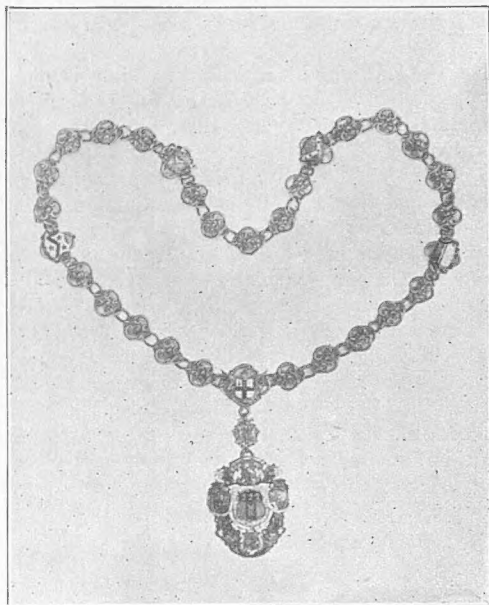
A SMART TAILOR-MADE TRIMMED WITH CARACUL.

which should not be passed by without “an effort of annexation,” the prices asked being practically half the cost of production.

Three-quarter coats will largely accompany tailor skirts this autumn, long, braided panels opening out over the flounced skirt being a distinctive type of jacket; while indoor-frocks will be largely *en Princesse*, and made, moreover, of the new material called broad-tail velvet.

The ever-useful blouse goes periodically through certain phases of fashion as the modes change with the seasons, but, unlike other temporarily adopted garments, seems to hold an unchangeable place in our affections. As tartan promises to be a feature in some modish methods of the winter, it will naturally follow suit in what the Americans

know as "waists," and a prettily designed Paris bodice of this ilk has been introduced to me by the proud purchaser, made up of white satin and inch-wide bands of a "white tartan" crossing each other diagonally all over. The yoke of white-and-gold embroidery was daintily edged with Irish point—the most beautiful lace, I always think—a narrow twisted belt of gold galon giving it the last touch of brightness. A plainer blouse, made cross-over fashion, of the Lovat tartan was set forth with lacings of dull-blue ribbon-velvet, with silver tags at wrists and vest. A V-shaped tucked chemisette of white chiffon over



GOLD CHAIN OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO
MR. HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL,

THE NEW JUNIOR SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Regent Street, W.

satin met the transparent collar of real lace, which was also repeated at the cuffs. The same girl possessed both seductive articles, and had, furthermore, treated herself to a glorified tailor-frock made of dull-grey zibeline, the zouave composed entirely of grey ribbon-velvet and guipure entre-deux dyed to match. About twenty rows of the velvet were used to trim the flounce of skirt in perpendicular vandykes, exquisite appliques of grey guipure finishing the effect to a miracle.

In a country-house where the men shoot all day, and the women are therefore thrown together in their absence, flirtation is necessarily exchanged at times for conversation, and yesterday I had the benefit of five feminine opinions as to the vanity or wisdom of keeping household accounts. I may at once add that three were dead against the "laborious vanity" of the practice, while two were but faint-hearted in its advocacy. We are obviously not thrown on a generation of "Hausfraus." Personally, if I may draw on my own enlightenment, keeping accounts presents itself as useless trouble; not all the addings-up of greengrocer to butcher or the subtractions of certain income from uncertain expenditure have ever resulted in the economising of a single five-pound-note, and when I see very young wives (only the ardently enthusiastic carry the custom beyond a year) inking their pink fingers and wrinkling their pretty little foreheads over these vexatious tots and totals, I heave a sympathetic sigh over so much misdirected energy. It may be instructive to know that your fish-bill came to thirty shillings instead of restraining itself within the respectable limits of a weekly twenty-three shillings, but does that mean fresh herrings and haddock instead of sole and salmon in future? Not at all! And so on, through all the gamut of the outgoings, which were never restricted by the most hide-bound account-keeping, and never will be, either.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LADY G.—Zibeline cloths are quite of the new-newest, and in pale-pastel tones would be very suitable for your niece's winter wedding. The bridesmaids should be dressed alike—it gives a better effect. It is a pity she cannot come to town, but any of the good shops or dressmakers send down fitters, if desired. It is very patriotic of you to wish the silk to be of English make. In that case, you should order them from Macclesfield, which is not far from your part. It is no trouble.

SYBIL.

THEATRICAL AFTER-THOUGHTS.

LAST week, by a slip not so much of the pen as of the memory, I attributed the music of Mr. George Dance's play, "A Chinese Honeymoon," to Mr. Ivan Caryll. I ought to have said Mr. Howard Talbot. The slip was in some sense pardonable, for Mr. Caryll has written the music to several of Mr. Dance's "go-as-you-please" plays.

There is being played at the Grand Theatre, Islington, this week a new adaptation, by Mr. Benjamin Landeck, of Victor Hugo's great romance, "Notre Dame." It is entitled

"THE SHADOW DANCE,"

and has been prepared for that always powerful actor, Mr. Charles Cartwright, who plays Quasimodo the hunchback. The piece is beautifully mounted, and is supplied with some excellent music by

Mr. Napoleon Lambalet, the music-conductor of the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, and composer of the American comic opera which, under the name of

"THE YASHMAK,"

was played at the Shaftesbury a few years ago.

The last really important adaptation of Hugo's powerful story was that called

"NOTRE DAME,"

prepared by the late Andrew Halliday. This was produced thirty years ago at the old Adelphi, with the late Mr. T. C. King as Quasimodo, and the late Teresa Furtado as Esmeralda. Two of the other principals still survive, namely, Mr. A. C. Lilly (the Captain Phœbus) and that fine elocutionist, Mr. James Fernandez, who played the murderous Monk Frollo.

According to present arrangements, Mr. Dundas Slater will present at the Alhambra to-morrow (Thursday) evening a new ballet, which is called by the comic opera title of

"GREYNA GREEN."

The Alhambra piece has been written by Mr. Charles Wilson, the resident stage-manager, and composed by Mr. George W. Byng, the resident musical director.

The aforesaid "Greytna Green" comic opera was written by Mr. T. Murray Ford, a journalist who, under the pen-name of

"JOHN LE BRETON,"

has written such powerful stories as "Unholy Matrimony" and "Miss Tudor."

Mr. Sydney Bowkett's new play, just re-named

"A TIGHT CORNER,"

is announced by Mr. Yorke Stephens for presentation at Terry's Theatre next Saturday night.

We are soon to see in London a new comic opera, entitled

"CARMITA."

The name-part is to be played by the recently arrived favourite American soubrette, Mdle. Corinne, so long known in the States as "Little Corinne." The "Carmita" tour started last Monday at the new Victoria Theatre, Broughton, hard by Manchester.

"A Lady from Texas," by the brilliant Mrs. T. P. O'Connor (herself a Texan lady), is being played this week at the Opera House, Crouch End, with the authoress in the name-part.

We have had some strangely named plays of late. Here is another. It is called

"THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYE,"

and it may be expected from America at any moment.

FROM TURBAN TO TOQUE.

Our grandmothers, mothers, and other old folk
Rejoiced in a Turban, but never a "Toque";
And then followed bonnets, the big and the small,
And women were charming in each, and in all;
Then hats like to those worn by stage-shepherdesses,
Or mushroom-shaped things that obscured the fair tresses;
Bonnets prone on the neck, or in front in a poke,
Filled up with sham blossoms, till almost a joke,
Tied under the chin in the dearest of bows,
With tiny veils touching the tip of the nose;
And "pork-pie" arrangements with pert faces under,
And plain sailor-hats—how we loved them, by thunder!
For sweet faces went with them, blushing and smiling,
And soft eyes enchanting, bewitching, beguiling.
Now "Pictures" and Gainsboroughs take our attention,
And freaks and fond fancies too many to mention;
And queer and fantastic as dreams of a goblin,
Perched high o'er the forehead, and wavering and wobbling,
From Paris—or somewhere—while husbands are "broke,"
Has arrived the strange structure we dub as a "Toque."
Yet a woman looks best as she sinks to her rest,
And her hair, dark or golden, in many a billow
(Not screwed up in curl-papers) lies on the pillow.
Never mind, never mind, if they'll only be kind to us,
And give up a part of their thoughts and their mind to us,
And tell us, in whispers, that they are inclined to us,
They may dress as they please, we're not going to croak,
For woman is woman—in Turban or Toque!—J. J. BRITTON.

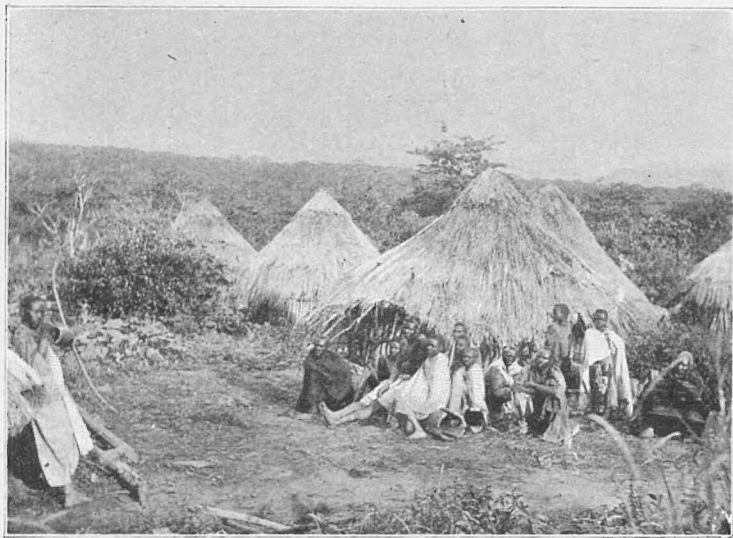
With the approach of winter, many popular bachelors are again off to the War, the departure of those who have just left having been darkened by the sad news of the death of the two distinguished officers belonging to Lovat's Scouts, who, though both owning the name of Murray, were not directly connected, the one being Lord Mansfield's heir-presumptive, while Captain Edward Murray was the good-looking brother of the Master of Elibank, married only slightly over a year ago to Miss Allhusen. Scotland has done well in the South African Campaign, one of the keenest officers still fighting being Lord March, the future Duke of Richmond, who will be shortly joined by his son, Mr. Esmé Gordon-Lennox.

CITY NOTES

The Next Settlement begins on October 23.

QUIET TIMES.

THERE has been little business on the Stock Exchange during the week—indeed, the state of stagnation into which most brokers' offices have degenerated is causing both wailing and gnashing of teeth. As an example of the small amount of business which the public has been doing, a firm of brokers with a very old-established business showed us their books the other day, and for the quarter ending in June



A GROUP OF RHODESIAN NATIVES.

their commissions had averaged over £2000, while for the last three months the amount was well below four figures. Not a few members of the Stock Exchange are wondering as to how long this state of affairs is going to last, and the general opinion appears to be that, until the War is over, we must not expect much activity in business.

Home Rails look very sick, and the drop in London and North-Western has recently been quite out of the common. Last year, the price was 198, and even this year it has stood at 180, so that it is little wonder holders are uneasy when they see the quotation as low as 158. The idea in the market was that the Company was "peddling out" stock; but this is denied, and the truth appears to be that there are very few buyers about to absorb the small amounts of which the public wish to dispose. Lancashire and Yorkshire is another stock which has suffered severely, while several of the other lines have in the last few days lost a point. Taken collectively, the earnings for the thirteen weeks of the current half-year can hardly be considered encouraging, for, while the passenger traffics have increased by £380,000, the goods and minerals have fallen off by £358,000, and, except in coal, we do not see where economies are to be expected. It does not appear to matter, however, what the outlook may be, for even securities like Canadian Pacific Ordinary, with an increase of over 1,400,000 dollars for the quarter, have fallen away in the general dullness.

We deal with the excitement of the week, in the shape of Kent Coal, more at length later on.

GRAND TRUNKS.

There is a considerable bull account from the provinces in Grand Trunks, and those of our readers who have followed our advice in buying the stocks all this year have very little cause to feel uneasy. The last increase exceeded the most sanguine market estimate, although too much must not be made of it, as it compares with a decrease of over £10,000 for the corresponding period of last year. Already in twelve weeks the gross take is up by £113,937, and, if matters go on in the same way, there ought to be no lack of funds for bridge renewals, Second Preference dividend, and other little matters of interest to the shareholders. If it were not for the bull account of which we have spoken, there would be every prospect of improving prices, and, as it is, holders can look to the future with equanimity.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

What with Kent Coal, South African Cold Storage, and Lipton shares, the Industrial Market of the Stock Exchange is waxing quite animated. As regards the first, the activity is, of course, largely stimulated by an artificial interest created over the finding of a little—a very little—coal in the Company's ground. The market was lashed into life, and commands considerable attention, but we have pointed out over and over again that the past history of the concern is in itself a most powerful reason for leaving the shares alone so long as the Company is supported by its present backers. Those who have a profit on their holdings will probably lose it if they persist in hanging on to their shares much longer.

From trade quarters we hear that the approaching dividend on Jeremiah Rotherham Ordinary shares will probably be at the rate of 8 per cent., and, as the Company is in a sound financial position, the shares are worthy notice by the capitalist who buys for the

sake of a steady investment paying good interest. We also hear that J. R. Roberts shareholders will probably get a 2½ or 3 per cent. dividend this month, the first they will have received since October 1900. Drapery concerns should do well in the coming twelvemonth, embracing the Coronation period, but the market in most of the enterprises is not so free as it might be. Not as free as in Lipton shares, for example, the fall in which has curiously synchronised with the Cup Races. We have always held that Liptons were not worth more than 30s. at the outside, considering the dividends they pay and the last balance-sheets. The Ordinary shares in Industrial undertakings of the average description should return from 5 to 7 per cent. on a buyer's money, and few are worth purchasing which do not show something between those rates of interest.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Ah! good-morning, sir," was The Broker's greeting to The City Editor as the latter entered the compartment. "Late again, I see."

The City Editor smiled good-humouredly. "I have a very good assistant," he replied, "and there's nothing exciting going on nowadays in the City."

One or two of the others looked up in some surprise, but said nothing. The conversation turned upon the crop prospects in Canada.

"Their effects upon Grand Trunks have all been discounted long ago," began The Engineer.

("I say, Brokie," whispered The Jobber, "what did he mean by saying there is nothing exciting going on? What about Copper things and West Africans and Yankees, eh?")

"He means that there's nothing particular worth slating," was the *sotto voce* answer.

"O—o—h! I catch on," said The Jobber.)

"Grand Trunks make an excellent investment," observed The Merchant, "but a deplorably bad speculation."

"Cryptic, anyway," commented The Jobber.

"Explain yourself," demanded The Broker.

"I mean to say that, while the steady progress of the line makes the First Preference, and the stocks above it, secure investments, the directors distinctly say their policy is to encourage the traffics by expenditure out of revenue."

"And so you conclude that, while the money spent on the line must improve the security of the higher stocks, the policy rather militates against immediate distribution of dividends upon the cheaper varieties?"

"Exactly," confirmed The Merchant.

"Nevertheless, the money spent on the line out of revenue must eventually redound to the advantage of the proprietors of the junior stocks," objected The City Editor.

("If I had said anything like that, I should have charged everyone fourpence a line for it," murmured The Jobber.)

"I agree with you decidedly," The Merchant said, without hesitation; "but the benefit can hardly be derived yet awhile, and on this argument I sold my Trunk Thirds and Ordinary."

"How about Seconds?" inquired The Engineer, glancing at The Broker, who retorted—

"I'm not going to sell mine."

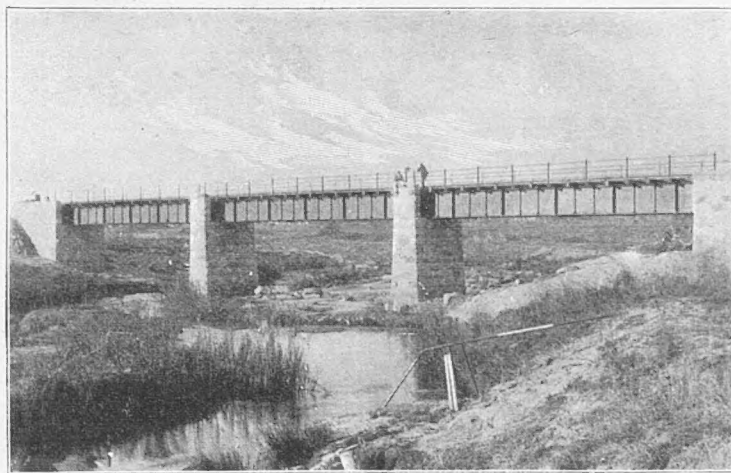
"Are you carrying them over?"

"No; that game doesn't pay. I got our Lombard Street friend to take them up for me at a fixed rate of interest, and I am quite prepared to hold them for another six months, if necessary, without seeing a profit."

"You'll have to, old man," The Engineer asserted.

"I thought brokers were not allowed to speculate," innocently suggested The City Editor.

The Broker looked at him with speechless indignation.



MACHECKIE RAILWAY-BRIDGE ON THE SALISBURY LINE, MASHONALAND RAILWAY.

"They ought not to be allowed to," went on his friend with the utmost calmness, lighting a fresh cigar. The Broker looked at The Jobber, and The Jobber looked at The Broker.

"All I can say," began The Jobber at last, "is that the Stock Exchange would be a 'D' bore-hole——"

"He grows Wassau and Wassau," groaned The Engineer.

"I believe they are right to buy, whatever the papers say about the 'D' bore-hole." The Merchant felt himself obliged to drag the talk round to a new channel at whatever cost.

The Jobber, recovering, said he wouldn't buy West Africans to save his life.

"Glad to hear it!"—the flippant note was struck again.

"Wassau are so high," complained The Engineer. "I don't suppose for a moment that the reef *has* gone for ever and a day, but when a share gets up to seven or eight pounds——"

"Amalgamated are 11½," and The Broker sighed like a tired bull.

"—— it does not give them much chance of staying up in the face of a dull market."

"I hear great things of Akrokerri," remarked The Merchant. "And if the Gold Fields group are to suffer much longer from lack of parental support, I'll be hanged——"

"Our worst suspicions are now confirmed," interjected the tiresome interrupter.

"I'll be clearing out of their things and putting the money into some of the Ashanti properties. They seem to have struck oil, if not to the same extent as some of the others."

"By the way, and apropos of oil, what has made Schibaieffs so flat just lately?" inquired The City Editor, athirst for a paragraph.

"Oh! there has been a considerable amount of liquidation in them by people who were hit over the Copper smash," returned The Broker fluently.

"Is that a shot?" asked the other mistrustfully.

"Of course it isn't!" and The Broker looked quite angry.

"Cool down, there—cool down!" advised The Merchant. "Throw some Schibaieff oil on the troubled waters of your soul."

"I've thrown some more of the shares into my private ledger," laughed The Broker, himself again. "They look awfully cheap to me at eighteen or nineteen shillings."

"I know a tip better than that," The Jobber disdainfully observed.

"What is it?"

"Cosmops."

"What, Cosmopolitans? The Westralian mining shares?"

"Yes. They are now about thirty-two-and-sixpence. Gentlemen, you may safely buy those shares for a ten-shilling rise. The mine is opening out splendidly——"

"How do you know?"

"Study the reports for yourself in the papers, as I've been doing for some weeks. I don't think myself that a pound rise will stop them, but I don't like to be over-sanguine, although in the market it would be only Kangaroostic if I were."

"When I think of my Westralian speculations," confessed The Engineer, "I always feel like taking down a looking-glass and sneering at myself for an hour or two."

"Couldn't be better employed." The Engineer's boot missed the retreating Jobber by an eighth of an inch.

"Another 'Clothes Race,'" was the young gentleman's parting chestnut.

WESTRALIANS.

The suddenness of the advance in Great Fingall Consolidated shares has turned all eyes to the West Australian Market, where there is certainly more room for animation than in any other of the Mining Corners just now.

Kaffirs continue steadily dull, the unexpected news that the Boers were anything but played out—as proved only too dismally well by the fights at Itala and Moedwill—effecting very little change in prices. "We don't take much account of news in these times," said one jobber in the East Rand Market, and the assertion is approximately accurate. Rhodesians naturally hang fire while the War is all over the place. West Africans are suffering acutely from bore-holes and the general lack of information showing that the Companies are getting to the solid work of gold-producing. We understand that the Goldfields of Eastern Akim are going ahead with their developments, that their titles are now fully ratified by the Colonial Office, and that the shares are certainly worth more than their present price of 2½. But West Africans are all out of favour for the time being.

West Australians, therefore, have the speculative field very much to themselves, business being so unprofitable in the other mining departments. Great Fingalls are being talked to 20, and quiet hints from a reliable source reach us anent a splitting of the shares into new ones of one shilling denomination, thus giving present shareholders twenty shares for each one share now held. If this should be so, part at least of the reason for the rise is fully revealed. The Globe group is irregular, Lake View having again yielded in precedence of price to Ivanhoe, the latter of which we hear well spoken of as a speculative investment. The price now carries a 3s. dividend, and Lake Views are cum 5s. For a fling in this market, we should say that Associated and Golden Links are both attractive, since they are both pretty certain to come into favour if the Westralian market succeeds in winning the fancy of the speculative public.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MOHAWK.—We have no faith in No. 1 and No. 2. No. 3 will improve with all good-class Kaffirs when peace comes. Of No. 4 we know little, except that

the jobber who was the "shop" in the shares committed suicide. In its present shape it looks hopeless. No. 5 we have a poor opinion of.

J. W.—If you had read the head-note to this column before writing, you would not expect an answer here.

C. R. E.—Your letter was answered on the 2nd inst.

CANADA.—(1) See this week's Notes. You should certainly hold. (2) The market takes a gloomy view of the outlook and wishes Sir Thomas would attend more to business and less to yacht-racing. (3) Gas Light and Coke Company Ordinary appears about the thing for your money.

DUFFER.—We should hold the shares. The Company is quite *bonâ fide*, but the market for its product is depressed.

E. C.—You had better hold on. It is a speculation, but we think the chances are in favour of the developments proving satisfactory.

TAR BABY.—You mean the "New Lydenberg," we presume, for the old Company was reconstructed in February 1900. (1) The nominal value is 10s. (2) There is 8s. paid. (3) The authorised capital is £150,000. (4) Not quoted, but a Special Settlement was granted in October 1900. (5) We think not. (6) This Company has done no work, nor can anything be done while the War lasts. (7) As to price and market, you must wait till next week and we will inquire.

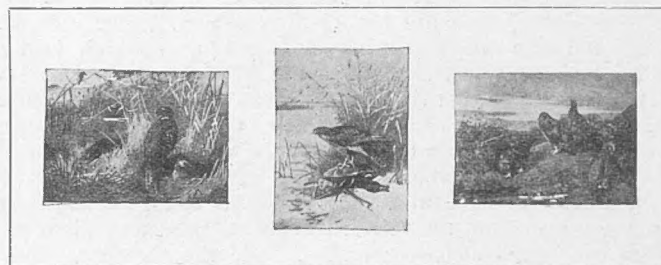
BAD LUCK.—(1) There are very unfavourable rumours about, and we have a poor opinion of the Company. (2) All Jungle shares are a gamble, and the quarter from which the shares you name come does not inspire confidence. The shares would not do for our own money.

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